

RADIO
CONTINUITY

LUCKY STAKE

JACK BENNY

JAN - FEB.

1949

0798593-008

ATXQ1 0311947



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

IS BROADCAST

DATE: January 2, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

RA-923

ATX01 0311949

PROGRAM #14
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, January 2, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0311950

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 2, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you
light up a Lucky ... because Luckies' fine tobacco picks
you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're
tense. Puts you on the right level to feel and do your
level best.

SHARBUTT: It's important to you, as a smoker to know that fine
tobacco can do this for you. And every smoker knows -

MARTIN: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Remember, more
independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen -- smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next
two leading brands combined!

MARTIN: It's good to know that fine tobacco picks you up when
you're low ... calms you down when you're tense ... by
putting you on the right level to feel and do your level
best. That's the Lucky level! So --

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

ATX01 0311951

MARTIN: Yes, the next time you buy cigarettes, remember --
Luckies' fine tobacco puts you on the right level -- the
Lucky level -- where you feel your level best ... and do
your level best.

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Get on the Lucky level where it's fun to be alive!
Get a carton of Luckies and get started today!

ATX01 0311952

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TODAY MARKS JACK BENNY'S FIRST PROGRAM ON THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, ~~AS USUAL~~
~~LET'S GO BACK A COUPLE OF HOURS AND PICK UP JACK AND MARY ON THEIR WAY TO THE STUDIO...ROCHESTER IS DRIVING THEM.~~....SO LET'S GO BACK A COUPLE OF HOURS AND PICK UP JACK AND MARY ON THEIR WAY TO THE STUDIO...ROCHESTER IS DRIVING THEM.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES...LOUSY CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN...

THEN SUSTAIN IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: (VERY NERVOUS) Not so fast, Rochester....Don't cross the double line...look out for that car...What's the matter with you?

ROCH: I'M DRIVING AS CAREFULLY AS I CAN, BOSS.

JACK: Well, just watch it, that's all.

MARY: *Oh* For heaven's sakes, Jack, calm down...don't be so nervous.

JACK: I'm not nervous.

MARY: Then stop pacing up and down on the running board.

JACK: Okay, Mary..I'll admit it...I am nervous, and you can't blame me...today's my opening broadcast on CBS

MARY: All right, so you're opening on CBS.

ATK01 0311953

JACK: What do you mean all right?...Do you realize this is the first time my program will be heard in Alaska?

MARY: So what? I've yet to see a walrus smoking a Lucky Strike.

JACK: Oh yeah? I saw one last night.

MARY: That was Jerry Colonna.

JACK: Oh...Then I'll have to apologize to him, I threw him a fish. Anyway, Mary, this is no time for joking...I'm upset.

MARY: ^{oh} ~~that~~ for heaven's sake, Jack, why should you be worried?.. You must have ^a million ~~million~~ dollars down in your vault?

JACK: I know, but I don't wanta break up the serial numbers... I mean..Mary, stop asking me questions, ^{will you}...(SOUND: AUTO HORN) I'm in no mood for -- ROCHESTER, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT ON THE WAY TO THE STUDIO. ^{now} SLOW DOWN.

ROCH: I'M ONLY GOING TWELVE MILES AN HOUR.

JACK: Don't give me that..What does ^{it say on} the speedometer? ~~what~~

ROCH: "MADE IN 1899".

JACK: Besides that...

MARY: Jack, you're working yourself into a breakdown..Rochester, see if you can get something on the radio, so Mr. Benny can relax.

ROCH: YES MA'AM.

(SOUND: CLICK..STATIC WHISTLE)

HERB: THAT CONCLUDES ANOTHER BROADCAST BY YOUR FRIENDLY PHILOSOPHER...AND NOW FOR A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.... REMEMBER, ONLY TWO MORE HOURS AND JACK BENNY WILL BE ON CBS.

ATX01 0311954

JACK: TURN THAT OFF...That's all they've been broadcasting for the past week...six more days till Jack Benny...^{five} more days till Jack Benny...^{four} more days...two more hours..

MARY: Well, Jack, if you don't like it, make them stop it.

JACK: I WILL NOT.

MARY: I can't figure you out...First you don't like it, then you do like it. ^{I've never -} I've never seen you this way.

Jack: ROCH: HE'S BEEN A NERVOUS WRECK ALL WEEK, MISS LIVINGSTONE....

LAST NIGHT HE DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK...HE JUST KEPT TOSSING AND TURNING AND WHIMPERING LIKE A BABY.

MARY: Well, wasn't there anything you could do for him?

ROCH: I TRIED EVERYTHING...I EVEN THREW HIM OVER MY SHOULDER AND BURPED HIM TWICE.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, stop exaggerating.

ROCH: I'M NOT EXAGGERATING, BOSS...YOU'VE EVEN BEEN TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP.

MARY: Talking in his sleep?

ROCH: YEAH....MISS LIVINGSTONE, WHO IS WILLIAM PALEY?

MARY: William Paley is the head of the Columbia Broadcasting System...Why?

ROCH: HE HAS NOW REPLACED HEDY LAMARR IN MR. BENNY'S DREAMS.

JACK: Oh, stop, Rochester...^{I've} I've never dreamed about Mr. Paley.

ROCH: YES YOU DID, BOSS..ALL NIGHT LONG YOU KEPT SAYING....

"P,A,/ L,E,Y.....P,A,/ L,E,Y!"

JACK: Look Rochester...(SOUND: MOTORCYCLE COP SIREN STARTS

FADING IN FAST) I'm upset enough as it is without your discussing ~~it~~ --- Oh, oh ^{fine - that's all I need now} a traffic cop.

(SOUND: SIREN OUT)

Jack: Rochester - He wants me to pull over to the curb.

ATX01 0311955

NELSON: PULL OVER TO THE CURB.

ROCH: YES, OFFICER.

(SOUND: CAR TO CURB...BRAKES...MOTOR MAKES A LOUSY

Nelson: Caught you ^{STOP} didn't I?

JACK: What's the matter, officer, were we speeding?

NELSON: Don't flatter yourself, you went through a red light.

ROCH: OFFICER, THE LIGHT WAS GREEN WHEN WE STARTED THROUGH THE INTERSECTION.

NELSON: I know, but it changed twice before this jalopy got across.

JACK: Look officer, I'm afraid this is my fault. I'm in a hurry, and --

NELSON: I'm talking to the driver so you keep your ^{big} ~~big~~ (TRANSITION TO FRIENDLY)...Wait a minute, you're Jack Benny, aren't you?

JACK: Yes, yes, I am.

NELSON: ^{be} Then you must be on your way to the studio to do your first broadcast for CBS.

JACK: That's right.

NELSON: Well, only a louse would give you a ticket on a day like this.

JACK: ^{Shall} Thank you.

NELSON: Shake hands with Officer Sam Louse.

JACK: What?

NELSON: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny...but duty is duty...Now I'll write this ---

MEL: (ON FILTER) CALLING ALL CARS...CALLING ALL CARS.

NELSON: Excuse me a minute, this may be important.

ATX01 0311956

MEL: (ON FILTER) ATTENTION ALL OFFICERS....THERE HAS BEEN A
HOLDUP ON FOURTH AND OLIVE...INVESTIGATE A DOUBLE MURDER
AT HILL AND GRAND....ONLY TWO MORE HOURS AND JACK BENNY WILL
BE ON CBS.

JACK: Gee, they have that announcement on your radio, too...^{but}The
police must like my program.

NELSON: Yes...they use it down at headquarters for the Third Degree.

JACK: Third degree?

NELSON: Twice I confessed and I didn't even do anything...Well, you
can go, Mr. Benny, and I won't give you a ticket. I can't
stand the tears in those big blue eyes.

JACK: Thank you...Go ahead, Rochester, drive on, *will you.*

ROCH: JUST A SECOND, BOSS. I'VE GOT TO START THE MOTOR.

MARY: Gee whizz, Jack, I hope you don't have trouble starting it
like you always do.

JACK: Don't worry about that, Mary...Yesterday I had the motor
tuned...Go ahead, Rochester, start it.

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR STARTS AND SPUTTERS AND GOES INTO
MEL BLANC'S CAR EFFECT WITH MEL GIVING IT THE
FULL TREATMENT WITH ADDED METAL CLANKS.)

MARY: Who tuned it, Spike Jones?

JACK: Mary, please..Rochester...try it again, will you?

ROCH: DON'T WORRY BOSS, I'LL GET THIS MOTOR STARTED...BUT CLOSE
YOUR EYES.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: I'M GOING TO USE THE WHIP!

ATK01 0311957

JACK: I don't care what you use, let's get to the studio.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Gee Mary, they've got a nice lot here, haven't they?

MARY: Yeah.

UKIE: Here's your parking ticket, Mister.

JACK: Thank you...and boy, be careful when you park my car.

UKIE: Why?

JACK: Hmmm...Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Say Jack, ^{as} we drove in, did you see that big sign on the building?

JACK: ^{Big sign?} No...what did it say?

MARY: "JACK BENNY HAS SWITCHED TO CBS...PHIL HARRIS HAS SWITCHED TO STERNO."

JACK: ^{yes - it was his New Year's resolution,} Oh, ~~that's that great~~. Well, here's the Artist's Entrance...
Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, doorman?

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: I'm Jack Benny.

MEL: I don't care who you are, wipe your feet.

JACK: ~~William~~...well look, when Mr. William Paley comes in, tell him I want to see him right away, *will you*.

MEL: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, Mary...even though I'm trying to keep calm, I can't help being nervous today..I guess every actor feels --

ATX01 0311958

MARY: Oh Jack, look who's coming down the hall.. Amos and Andy.

JACK: Oh yeah...they're coming this way...Hello, Amos.

AMOS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

ANDY: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Hello.

(APPLAUSE)

ANDY: ^{By} By the way, Mr. Benny...we understand ^{that} you're gonna be on the network here with us.

JACK: ^{yes} Yes, that's right.

AMOS: Well, Mr. Benny... ^{me} ~~and~~ ^{Andy just} ~~we~~ wanta wish you a lot of luck.

JACK: ^{Well} Thank you, boys, thank you very much.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

AMOS: Say, Andy.

ANDY: What is it, Amos?

AMOS: That Mr. Benny, he's supposed to be a big comedian...He didn't say ^{nothing} ~~anything~~ funny.

ANDY: ^{well} Just like I told you, Amos, he ain't nothin' without Rochester.

JACK: Were you boys talking to me?

AMOS & ANDY: ^{no sir, never} No no, we didn't say ^{nothing} ~~anything~~...Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ^{Sod - L... such a wreck -} Say, Mary.

MARY: What is it, Jack?

ATK01 0311959

JACK: Amos and Andy have been on the air for over twenty years as comedians. ^{you know} They didn't say anything funny.

MARY: (DEEP VOICE) Well, it's just like ah told you, they ain't nothin' without the Kingfish.

JACK: Yeah...Well here we are...Studio B.

MARY: ^{hell} I wanta see what my dressing room is like...I'll meet you later.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: STUDIO DOOR OPENS)

(MUSICIANS TUNING UP)

JACK: *oh* Hello, Phil.

PHIL: *oh* HOLD IT, FELLOWS, *hold it - all right - break it up a minute.*

(ORCHESTRA OUT)

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON, WELCOME TO PETRILLO'S INNER SANCTUM...

JACK: Look Phil, ^{Phil} I wanta talk to you.

PHIL: Me?

JACK: ^{you - look at -} ~~here~~...here it is a New Year, and we're starting on a new network...so Phil...you've got to do something about your musicians.

PHIL: Why, what's wrong with my lads?

JACK: Look Phil, ^{look} I don't expect them to wear full dress suits... I don't even want them to wear coats or jackets...but for the love of heaven, why don't they wear ties?

PHIL: Well Jackson, most of these boys are out on parole and they don't want nothing around their neck with a knot in it.

JACK: That I can understand...but the worst of all is your pal Remley...He's a disgrace ---

ATX01 0311960

PHIL: Now hold it, Jackson, hold it, ^{just a minute, now} Don't say nothin' about Frankie...You ought to be a little more considerate of him..
(SAD) Since he was a baby, poor Frankie never had no mother or father.

JACK: Oh, ^{oh} I'm sorry..I didn't know that Remley was an orphan, ^{you know}

PHIL: Oh, he ain't no orphan..When he was born, his folks took one look at him and joined Parents Anonymous.

JACK: Look Phil, ^{Phil -} there's so much work to be done,...I'm ^{so} nervous..
Now I wanta make sure that you picked a good number for our first program..What're you and the boys gonna play?

PHIL: ~~Jack~~ Jackson...I been giving it plenty of thought...In fact, I've been thinking about it all week, and I finally decided on "That's What I Like About The South".

JACK: Oh no you don't ^{wait a minute - no - now wait}...Phil, don't start that over here...Now I haven't told you this before...but that song is what drove Edgar Bergen into retirement..Believe me.

PHIL: ~~okay~~ ^{okay. if that's the way you feel about it now} okay, Jackson...~~Now~~ about the dialogue stuff on ~~look~~
this show...Shall we try that old running gag about hunting bear?

JACK: ^{no} No, you've hooked me on that too often...Hey, wait a minute let's do it...but this time, let me pull it on you, ^{you} I'll start it by saying, "Hello Phil...would you like to come hunting with me up in the High Sierras?"

PHIL: Certainly, Jackson....are you gonna hunt moose?

JACK: No, I'm going to -- Moose? ...Phil, that's not right.

PHIL: What am I supposed to ask you?

JACK: Are you going to hunt bear?

ATX01 0311961

PHIL: No, I'll be wearing buttons and bows...HA HA HA HA HA....
OH HARRIS, THEY MAY NOT LET YOU SING YOUR SONG ON THIS
NETWORK, BUT YOU'LL LOUSE THEM UP SOME WAY.

JACK: Phil, that's the last time I want to hear that joke...Now
play any number you want...I've got to go out and look for
Mr. *Paley*

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

PHIL: *Alright* *look* ~~Mr. Harris~~, FELLOWS., LET'S RUN OVER DENNIS'S SONG FIRST...ARE
YOU READY, ~~Mr. Harris~~ *kid?*

DENNIS: Yeah, I'm ready, *Phil.*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG..."LOOK UP")

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0311962

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Gee, Mary, ^{I've} I've looked all over for Mr. Paley ^{Here he is the head of the whole Columbia network} I can't find him...He must be around here someplace.

MARY: Well, let's go in and rehearse the script first..we haven't got much time, ^{you know}

JACK: Okay...You know, the closer we get to doing the broadcast the more nervous I am...Come on, let's get back in the

~~JACK: Jack is in the following towards us with his lips~~

~~JACK: Jack is in the following towards us with his lips~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~JACK: Say Mister, have you got your lips packed?~~

~~JACK: Say Mister, have you got your lips packed?~~

~~JACK: Say Mister, have you got your lips packed?~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: Say Mister, have you got your lips packed?~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES IN FAST)

MARY: JACK, LOOK OUT!

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES UP LOUD AND FADE OUT)

JACK: ^{oh} For goodness sakes, who was that?

MARY: Gene Autry.

JACK: Gene Autry?..Sidesaddle?..What a ^{this is} ~~stupid~~ studio...If his ^{I have} horse has a better dressing room than ~~mine~~, there's gonna be trouble...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ATX01 0311963

JACK: ^{now} Come on, Mary, I want to see Mr. Paley before we go on the air...and then we'll.... ~~Oh, for the events of the evening~~

~~right now, we're in the mood they leave and we'll~~

~~JACK: Now out that out! What a place.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

~~JACK: People walk around here like~~

DENNIS: Oh, hello Mr. Benny, I just finished rehearsing my song.

JACK: Huh?...Oh, hello, Don, *I mean Phil.*

MARY: Jack, it's Dennis.

JACK: Oh, ^{yes} yes...Now Dennis...Hey, wait a minute...Dennis, why are you wearing that top hat, white tie, and tails?

DENNIS: ^{Well} It's our first show at CBS and I thought I'd dress up.

MARY: ^{Well} Dennis, I think that's very nice of you renting a full dress suit for our first broadcast.

DENNIS: Oh, I didn't rent it...this is the suit my father got married in.

MARY: Oh...Well, Dennis, you should have had it cleaned...There's catsup on the lapel.

DENNIS: That's not catsup, my father wouldn't say, "I do", and my mother punched him in the nose.

JACK: ^{Look} Look, Phil...I mean, Dennis...I'm glad you dressed up for our first show, ~~but~~--

DENNIS: ^{Oh} You know, Mr. Benny..Charlie McCarthy starts on CBS today, too....

ATX01 0311964

JACK: No no, Dennis...now don't get mixed up...I'm the only one who's starting today, not Charlie McCarthy.

DENNIS: ^{Well} That's funny...I heard the doorman say to somebody, "We've got that dummy over here now."

JACK: I wonder ^{who} ~~who~~ he meant.

DENNIS: Well, it isn't Mary, so it must be either you or me.

JACK: Dennis, don't bother me with that talk..I've gotta go in and --

MARY: (WHISPERS) ^{oh} Say Jack...Jack...

JACK: What?

MARY: Did you notice it?

JACK: Certainly, Mary, I noticed it the minute I saw him.

MARY: Well, why don't you ask him?

JACK: No no, Mary, you ask him.

MARY: Not me.

JACK: All right, I will...Dennis...Dennis...I wanta get something straight, ^{Look at} You wanted to dress up for our first broadcast at CBS...is that right?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: So you put on your father's top hat, white tie and tails... but why are you wearing hip boots?

DENNIS: I couldn't find the pants.

JACK: Well, it serves me right for asking..Anyway, I'll take one more chance..Dennis, why wear hip boots?..Why didn't you wear your own pants.

DENNIS: I did, but I lost them by force of habit.

ATX01 0311965

JACK: What?

DENNIS: As I passed NBC, I walked by, but my pants walked in.

JACK: Come on, Mary... *instead of talking to him, I*
for the time I wanted walking to him and will
could have seen Mr. Paley... Now let's go in, ~~---~~

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: *hello* Oh, hello, Mr. Kitzel, *Mr. Kitzel* What're you doing here?

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, I want to be among the first to congratulate
you on moving to this network.

JACK: *Well, thank you* Thank you... I hope you approve of the move.

ARTIE: This I do immensely.. CBS is mine favorite network.

JACK: Oh, you like their shows?

ARTIE: *Oh yes* ~~CBS~~.. Especially on Monday nights when they have
"My Friend Herman," and Lox.

JACK: That's ~~Lox~~. - *Mr. Kitzel, That's Lox.*

ARTIE: *Lox, Lox* ~~Lox, Lox~~, I like them both.

MARY: By the way, Mr. Kitzel, did you enjoy New Year's Eve?

ARTIE: Hoo hoo hoo... did I have a good time!... But I think I had
one drink too many.

JACK: Oh, then you were *you were* a little high?

ARTIE: High? (LAUGHS) *oh* My... I was stinkin'!

MARY: *oh* Mr. Kitzen, I can't believe it.

ARTIE: *Yes, shame on me - and you know* ~~It's a fact...~~ when I sobered up, I found myself doing
something terrible... I was kissing somebody's wife.

JACK: Whose?

ARTIE: Mine.

JACK: Oh.. Well, Mr. Kitzel, we've got to look over our script
before we go on the air... It was nice meeting you again.

ATX01 0311966

ARTIE: The feeling is ~~indescribable~~ *like this, Mr. Benny*..Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye *goodbye*..Come on, Mary, *let's go in.*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: We'll really have to rush this before --

HERB: One, two, three, four...one, two, three, four...Hello, Joe..
Testing...testing...one, two, three four.

JACK: Hey, what are you doing?

HERB: I'm the engineer...I'm testing the microphones..Jack Benny
will be on the air in a few minutes.

JACK: I know, I know.

HERB: *yeah* Who wouldn't know?..With all this fuss they're making,
you'd think they were gettin' Al Pearce.

JACK: Oh yeah...well let me tell you something, Buddy...I happen
to be Jack Benny and ---

DON: Oh Jack...Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary...I mean Don..*hello, Don*Excuse me, Don, I'm so
nervous *today*.

DON: Well, I can understand that, Jack..*in*I'm jittery myself...
I've got butterflies in my stomach.

JACK: *you know* Don, you could have the ~~California~~ *national* football team in your
stomach and they'd make more yardage than they did in the
Rose Bowl..Now what did you want, Don?

DON: Well, Jack...we'll be on the air in a few minutes and you
haven't run through the commercials yet.

JACK: We can't do that...The audience has started coming in *now*.

DON: Well, that's good, Jack...we can get a reaction and see
what we've got.

ATX01 0311967

JACK: Don, we're not going to ~~go~~ -

DON: But Jack, you're in it.

JACK: I don't ~~know, I don't know~~ -- I am?... *you mean* In the commercial?

DON: Yes...the boys are going to sing Frank Loesser's big song hit, "On A Slow Boat To China"...~~and you're in it~~

JACK: *Frank Loesser's song -* Well, that's great. ~~I don't know already~~. Where are the Sportsmen?

DON: Here they are...

JACK: Okay...TAKE IT BOYS.

ATX01 0311968

4 (INTRO)

-17-

QUART:

THERE IS NO VERSE TO THIS SONG
CAUSE WE DON'T WANT TO WAIT A MOMENT TOO LONG TO SAY THAT.
WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU
ON A SLOW BUS TO GLENDALE
ALL TO OURSELVES ALONE
GET YOU AND TELL YOU
'BOUT LUCKY STRIKE, YOU SEE.
WE KNOW YOU'LL LIKE 'EM

L S, L S, M F F T.

JACK: You said it.

WHILE WE ARE RIDING
ALL OUR TIME WE'LL BE RIDING,
SMOKING THAT GOOD OLD CIGARETTE.

WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU
ON A SLOW VAN TO VAN NUYS
ALL BY OURSELVES ALONE.

WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU

JACK: Me?

ON A SLOW FREIGHT TO FRISCO

JACK: Gee.

ALL BY OURSELVES ALONE

JACK: I can hardly wait,
Open up that Golden
Gate.

GET YOU AND TELL YOU
ALL ABOUT THAT CIGARETTE.
PLEASE PAY ATTENTION

JACK:

I'M LISTENING ALREADY YET
(SOME RHYMING)

ATX01 0311969

QUART: WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU

ON A SLOW PLANE TO PLAINFIELD *Jack Plainfield?*
SMOKING THOSE LUCKIES ALL THE WAY

JACK: I'LL JUST PUFF AND PUFF

(HOW ABOUT THIS CLEVER STUFF?)

QUART: *sure would* WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU ON A RICKSHAW TO SHANGHAI

ALL BY OURSELVES ALONE.

JACK: WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.

QUART: ALL BY OURSELVES ALONE.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Don Don* Don, that was wonderful... *listen, you know* You better be prepared for an
encore.

DON: *Well* That's all, Jack...the boys haven't prepared any more
lyrics.

JACK: Well, we're only rehearsing..Can't they ad lib as they
go along? ... How about it, folks? *One more chorus*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *You see* You see, Don..the audience likes the idea..They want it.

DON: All right, Jack..but they'll just have to make it up...
they've ~~got~~ nothing prepared.

JACK: All right..that's what I mean..ad lib something...TAKE IT
FELLOWS, *evitate the difference.*

QUART: WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU ON A WALK TO WAUKEGAN.

ALL BY OURSELVES ALONE.

JACK: GEE I'D LOVE TO GO

COUSIN CLIFF AND SISTER FLO

QUART: WE HAVE NO LYRICS THAT CAN BE UNDERSTOOD

BUT WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE

JACK: YOU'VE MESSED IT UP ALREADY BUT GOOD

(POOR LOESSER)

QUART: WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU ON A SLOW HORSE AT BELMONT

WE WANT TO HEAR YOU GROAN

JACK: I'LL LOSE ALL MY DOUGH

~~I DON'T WANT TO~~

QUART: WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU ON A ~~PARTY~~ ^{sandwich} ~~TO~~ ^{Denver} ~~TO~~ ~~TO~~

JACK: ~~What~~ A sandwich?

QUART: ALL TO OURSELVES ALONE.

JACK: ~~There's no more there~~ Leave off the onions.

QUART: ALL TO OURSELVES ALONE.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0311971

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *You see*
You see, Don..you see...that was great ~~and~~ it's gonna
be swell on the show.

HERB: Stand by, please...three minutes.

JACK: Three minutes?...I can't understand why Mr. Paley didn't
come down to see me...Now I'll be a nervous wreck all
through my first show.

HERB: Two minutes and a half.

JACK: How do you like that?

DENNIS: One, two, three, four, hello, Mom.

JACK: Dennis, get away from that microphone!... I can't
understand why --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: *Oh* That must be Mr. Paley now...COME IN, COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

THORNBERG: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

THORNBERG: I'm Don Thornberg, *the* head of the Western Division of the
Columbia Broadcasting System.

JACK: Oh, how do you do, Mr. Thornberg.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *What, what*
What can I do for you?

THORNBERG: Well, I understand you've been looking for Mr. Paley.

JACK: Yes, yes, I have... *where* Where is he?

THORNBERG: Well, Mr. Paley is in New York...He only comes out here
on urgent business.

ATX01 0311972

JACK: Well, *this is - Mr. Thornberg* this is rather important... But perhaps you can help me.

THORNBERG: I hope so .. What is it?

JACK: Well....well...

THORNBERG: Yes, Mr. Benny..what is it?

JACK: *Well* Do you have the authority to validate my parking lot ticket?.....Do you?

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: MR. THORNBERG

HERB: FIVE SECONDS

JACK: MR. THORNBERG, COME BACK.

HERB: TWO SECONDS.

JACK: MR. THORNBERG.

HERB: YOU'RE ON THE AIR!

JACK: Oh yeah....HELLO, AGAIN, THIS IS JACK BENNY TALKING....

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: MR. PALEY..MR. PALEY..WHY WEREN'T YOU HERE? *Mr. Paley.*

ATX01 0311973

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, travel on our highways is increasing. It is now eleven percent above the pre-war peak. So be careful if you drive the car - or even if you take a walk. Watch for traffic lights...observe safety and traffic regulations. The life you save may be your own.
(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first.....

(Commercial #3)

ATX01 0311974

(TAG)

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen, not to be outdone by the quartet, Mary and I have cooked up a little number....

(INTRO)

MARY: WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU
TO STAY TUNED ON SUNDAYS
AND LISTEN TO C.B.S.

JACK: (IT WILL BE SUCH FUN
FOR YOU AND ME AND EVERYONE)

MARY: GET YOU AND TELL YOU
HOW MUCH YOU'LL LAUGH AT SPIKE.
NEXT COMES OLD "BLUE EYES."
AMOS YOU WILL SURELY LIKE

JACK: (WITH ANDY)

MARY: THEN WAIT UNTIL YOU
GET SAM SPADE TO THRILL YOU *Jack: yeah.*
AND GUESS WHEN THE VILLAIN WILL CONFESS.

JACK: (I'M NOT GONNA SAY
YOU'LL HAVE TO LISTEN IN TODAY)

MARY: THEN COMES LUIGI
YOU'LL HEAR HIM ON C.B.
TUNE IN ON C.B.S.

JACK: THAT'S NOW OUR NETWORK

MARY & JACK: TUNE IN ON C.B.S.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0311975

~~WILSON: Jack will be back to give a message. Let's get on.~~

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! You see, Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're tense. Puts you on the right level to feel and do your level best.

SHARBUTT: It's good to know that fine tobacco can do this for you. And that's why it's so important that you select and smoke the cigarette of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike! For as every smoker knows -

MARTIN: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. The experts -- men who know tobacco -- look to Lucky Strike for their own personal smoking enjoyment. Yes, more independent auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen smoke Luckies regularly than the next two leading brands combined! So..

MARTIN: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! That's how to get on the Lucky level -- where there's real joy in living .. where it's fun to be alive!
The Lucky level where you feel your best -- and do your best.

ATX01 0311976

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 2, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Get on the Lucky level where it's fun to be alive.
Get a carton of Luckies and get started today!

ATX01 0311977

(OPTIONAL TAG)

~~Let's say the following: "I am sure that you will find this
 program very interesting, and will find it very enjoyable at the
 same time as the general C.B.S. station, between 11:30 and 12:30
 and 1:30 and 2:30."
 Copyright, 1950, C.B.S.~~

(OPTIONAL)

DON:

Be sure to listen ⁱⁿ to the new Lucky Strike Program, "Your
 Lucky Strike", starring Don Ameche on this network.....
 and ~~Frank Sinatra~~ "New York Parade." don't forget on

*Saturday nights - the Lucky Strike Hit
 Parade starring Frank Sinatra.*

(Main)

Don: This is C.B.S., the Columbia Broadcasting
 System.

ATX01 0311978

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

AS BROADCAST

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE January 9, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

RA-025

ATX01 0311979

PROGRAM #15 SCRIPT
(REVISED)

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

"THE JACK BENNY SHOW"

Sunday, January 9, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0311980

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL.....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY.....WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND
"YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE:.....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR RESTAURANTS
IN THE COUNTRY IS THE BROWN DERBY IN HOLLYWOOD. ~~so let's~~
GO BACK TO YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, AND LOOK IN AS THE
BROWN DERBY'S HEADWAITERS HANDLE THE OVERFLOW LUNCHEON
CROWD.

(SOUND: RESTAURANT NOISES...HUB BUB...BABBLE OF
CONVERSATIONS AND CLINKING OF CROCKERY AND
SILVERWARE,...UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (SLIGHTLY CONTINENTAL) Oh, Gus, did you seat Mr. Gable
at his usual place?

HERB: No, Chelius, Mr. Gable joined Eve Arden and her party.

MEL: That's good.....there are so many people waiting.

HERB: Well, perhaps we can set up some more tables in ---
Hey, Chelius, look who's coming in...Jack Benny....You
take care of him.

MEL: No, Gus....it's your turn this time.

HERB: No no...it's your turn.

MEL: All right, all right, I'll take care of him.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: He changed networks, why doesn't he change restaurants
already.

ATX01 0311981

MARY: Oh Jack, here comes Chelius.

JACK: Yeah...he'll get us a table.

MEL: Well, good afternoon, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Chelius, I'd like a table.

MEL: They have some lovely tables at Romonoff's.

Jack: I know
MARY: Romonoff sent us here.

MEL: Oh, good afternoon, Miss Livingstone....I didn't see you....
I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Benny, you'll have to wait....Every
table in the place is taken.

~~JACK: Now Chelius, how can you say that?.....There's an empty
booth right over there.~~

~~MEL: It just looks empty....Margaret O'Brien and Mickey Rooney
are having lunch in it.~~

~~JACK: Well, we've got a rehearsal in an hour....Maybe we can
double up with somebody and....wait, I've got it....we can
join Mickey Rooney and Margaret can sit on my lap.~~

~~MARY: Let's join Eve Arden and Gail Patrick and sit on my lap.~~

Jack: Hell maybe we - by Mary look - by look there's
~~JACK: Mary, please, wait I'll find a table, Mary...look....there's
Jimmy Stewart having lunch all *by himself*....I'll ask him if
we can sit at his table.~~

MARY: But Jack....if he's eating by himself, maybe he prefers to
be alone.

JACK: *OK* Don't be silly, Mary...he'll be glad to have company.....
Come on...only let me do the talking.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....THEN STOP)

Mary: All right.

ATX01 0311982

JACK: (SURPRISED) Hey Mary, look who's here.

JIMMY: Huh? Oh, hello Jack...Hello, Mary.

JACK: Well, if it isn't Jimmy Stewart.

(APPLAUSE)

STEWART: *You know you know*
You know, Jack....Hollywood's a funny place....You say,
"Well, if it isn't Jimmy Stewart," and everybody in the
Brown Derby applauds.

JACK: Yes yes....By the way, Jimmy, ..we're in a hurry and all
the tables are taken...would you mind if we joined you?

MARY: How can he say no, you're already eating his rolls.

JACK: There's enough for both of us.

JIMMY: *Sure* Sure, come on...sit down *here*....Here, I'll make room for you,
Mary.

MARY: Thank *you*.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING AND SITTING)

JIMMY: Now Jack, I'll move over so you can --

JACK: Oh, just sit still, Jimmy...you needn't move for me, I'll
squeeze right in here and *then we can --*

(SOUND: PITCHER OF WATER TIPS OVER WITH A LOUD SPLASH)

JACK: OOOPS...*Oh Jim* I'm sorry, Jimmy, I knocked over the pitcher
and spilled the water.

JIMMY: Oh, that's all right....with this weather it froze before
it hit the floor.

JACK: *That's right*
~~Oh~~...here Jimmy, let me hand you my napkin and ---

(SOUND: BOTTLE TIPS OVER AND BREAKS)

JACK: OOOPS...*I* I knocked over the ketchup bottle.

Better
MARY: Better wipe it off, Jimmy, you look like an ad for
"Blood on the Moon."
JACK: Gee, I'm sorry, Jimmy.
JIMMY: You know, Jack, I've been sitting here eating for thirty
minutes....You've been here ten seconds, and you've got more
on me than I've got in me.
JACK: *Well I* Well, I guess it's because we're in such a hurry.
MEL: May I take your orders, please?
JACK: Yes, yes...I'll have a club sandwich and a cup of coffee.
MEL: Yes sir....and yours, Miss Livingstone?
MARY: *Oh* Gee, I don't know what to have....What's that you're eating,
Jimmy?....It looks delicious.
JIMMY: Oh, this is something my mother always used to make for me --
It's my favorite dish.
JACK: What is it?
JIMMY: Matzoh Ball Soup.
JACK: Oh...oh.
MARY: Chelius, I'll have a Caesar salad and a pot of tea.
MEL: Yes, Miss Livingstone.
MARY: By the way, Jimmy, I saw your latest picture, "You Gotta
Stay Happy," and you and Joan Fontaine certainly make
a wonderful combination.
JIMMY: *Oh well thanks* ~~Thank you~~ Mary.
JACK: You made that picture for Universal, didn't you, Jimmy?
JIMMY: *yes* Yes...and before that I made "Rope" for Warners, and I
made one ^{at} for M.G.M..one ^{at} for R.K.O..one ^{at} ~~for~~ Twentieth Century
....and ^{then} one for Paramount.

ATX01 0311984

JACK: What's the matter, can't you keep a steady job?

MARY: Jack....it's just that Jimmy prefers to freelance.

JACK: Oh. *Oh.*

JIMMY: By the way, Jack, what have you been doing lately?

JACK: Well, *but* I've been rather busy with radio....

JIMMY: Radio?...*Well* Aren't you getting into that ~~with~~ *a little late* with television and ~~everything~~ *everything?*

JACK: No no, Jimmy....I've been in radio for seventeen years....
but I haven't made a picture since I was at Warners...and
I left there because there was always a big issue *you know* when it
came to casting.

JIMMY: *Well*, I can understand that, Jack....You and Errol Flynn are
the same type.

JACK: Yes yes...we are.

MARY: Jack had the same trouble at M.G.M., but they decided to
keep Lassie.

JACK: Mary, please....Anyway, Jimmy....I'm not appearing in
pictures because I'm producing them now.

JIMMY: Oh, I didn't know you were producing pictures, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes, *yes* as a matter of fact, I just finished my first one..
it's called (YELLS) "THE LUCKY STIFF" STARRING DOROTHY
LAMOUR, BRIAN DONLEVY AND CLAIRE TREAVOR SOON TO BE SEEN
AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE.

JIMMY: *Jimmy* Jack, what are you yelling for?

JACK: *Jimmy* If these people can eat here, they can afford to go *and* see it..
You know, a plug's a plug and ---

ATK01 0311985

MEL: Mr. Benny, if you'd like, you can move over to this table

JACK: ^{here.}
Chelms I thought you didn't have any empty tables.

MEL: We've got a lot of them *now.*

JACK: Oh....Well, we'll just *will just* stay where we are.

MEL: Yes sir....here's your food....Who gets the salad, please?

MARY: The salad is mine.

(SOUND: CLINKING OF DISHES BEING SERVED)

JACK: Now let's see, what were we talking about before the food came?

JIMMY: The picture you produced, "They Lucky Salad."

JACK: No, no...The Lucky Stiff *Jimmy. Oh, oh.* Say, you know, Jimmy....I've just been thinking....You're a nice guy....and here you've been having it tough not working steady at any one studio....So I'm going to do you a big favorand put you in my next picture.

JIMMY: (COUGHS AND SPUTTERS AND CHOKES FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.)

JACK: (AS JIMMY COUGHS) *Jimmy*....Jimmy, what happened?....Jimmy!

MARY: That's the first time I ever saw anyone choke on a Matzoh Ball.

JACK: I probably surprised him with my offer.

JIMMY: *Yes, yes* You certainly did....But Jack, the only reason I can't accept it is because I have so many other commitments.

JACK: Well, Jimmy, we can make it after you've fulfilled your other commitments.

JIMMY: But Jack, after that I want to take a vacation.

ATX01 0311986

look at
JACK: No buts, Jimmy my boy... I'll make a big star out of you....

Now
You've got to let me make this picture with you.... Now,
what's the salary you usually get per picture?

JIMMY: Two hundred thousand dollars.

JACK: (COUGHS AND SPLUTTERS LIKE STEWART)

MARY: *Jack* Jack... Jack, take some water.

JACK: ~~It's on the floor.~~ *The water is on the floor.*

JIMMY: So are you.

JACK: Huh?... Oh, yes.

MARY: Jack, you better discuss this with Jimmy some other time...

It's getting late and the whole gang will be waiting at the
studio for rehearsal.

JACK: Yeah, yeah.... I'll get the check waiter... waiter....
our check, .. waiter, waiter.

JIMMY: Jack, just call him, don't wave your toupe.

JACK: Jimmy, this isn't a toupe, it's just a small hairpiece.

MARY: Hairpiece? I'd like *like* to have a fur coat like that....
Jack: I'd like to have you read your line right too.
Look Jack, suppose I run along and start the rehearsal.

JACK: Well....

MARY: *See* See you later, Jack.... Goodbye, Jimmy.

JIMMY: So long, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (WHISPERING) Say, Jimmy.... have you heard the way people
are talking about Mary lately?

JIMMY: Talking about Mary?

JACK: Yes....I hate to say this, ^{see this - really} but....but....have you noticed, ^{have you noticed} how she always leaves the table just before they bring the check?....It's embarrassing, ^{you know - I hate to see it for you know} But anyway, Jimmy, getting back to the picture I want you to do for me...Now I have a story ~~about~~ --

GWEN: (OLD QUIVERY VOICE) Excuse me for interrupting....but I happen to have a snapshot of you, Mr. Benny...would you mind autographing it?

JACK: ^{oh} I'd be happy....Say, Jimmy, would you mind lending me your fountain pen?

JIMMY: Not at all....here ^{you are} Jack.

JACK: Thanks....Now let's see....With...my...very....best...wishes....Jack....Benny....Here you are, lady.

GWEN: Thank you very much, it was nice meeting you.

JACK: ^{oh} Wait a minute, lady....This is Jimmy Stewart...don't you want his autograph?

GWEN: No, but thirty years ago, I would have.

JACK: ~~Oh~~....Now look ^{look} Jimmy....I've got to run over to CBS and rehearse my show....Suppose you come along with me and we'll discuss a deal for a picture and --

JIMMY: ^{no} No Jack, I'd rather not.

MEL: Here's the check, gentlemen.

JIMMY: ^{oh} Thank you, Chelius.

JACK: No no, Jimmy, let me take it....After all, it was your table and Mary and I barged in....so I insist on paying it.

JIMMY: ^{no} No, Jack, I'd feel better if I paid for it.

ATX01 0311988

JACK: Well, if your health is involved, go ahead.... Well, I've *lue*
gotta run along and ---Gee, my hands are kinda sticky...
Where's my napkin.... Oh, here it is.... Ummm.... ~~What's the~~
~~matter with this napkin?~~... I can't pull it up. *What's the*
JIMMY: You've got my shirt-tail.
JACK: Oh... oh.... Well, here... *In* I'm through with it.... So long,
Jimmy.

JIMMY: Goodbye, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, I didn't realize it was so late.... I hope they
started the rehearsal without me.... ~~I wonder what's going~~
~~on.~~

~~(SOUND: MUSIC)~~
(Band - "Great Day")
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *Hold it* HOLD IT, PHIL, *Hold it* HOLD IT. I'M HERE NOW.. *Phil. In here now.*
I'M HERE NOW.

(MUSIC STOPS)

PHIL: *Oh* Hiya, Jackson.

DON: Hello, Jack.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello *Kids*.

MARY: By the way, Jack, did Jimmy Stewart agree to let you produce
his next picture?

JACK: *Well* Not yet, Mary, but I'm sure he'll come around to talk
to me about it. Now come on, kids, we've got a rehearsal
to do, so let's get started.

ATX01 0311990

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, I've read over my part three times already.

JACK: Good, Dennis....It's nice to know that you're diligent.

PHIL: Diligent? Are we doing a gangster sketch?

JACK: That's Dillinger.

PHIL: Oh.....well don't I get nothin' for being close?

JACK: No......And Phil, ^{look at Phil} watch ~~the~~ your cue...you come into the sketch on page twenty-one.

PHIL: Twenty-one?

JACK: Yes.....that's all your fingers, all your toes, and one more.....Now Mary, in this sketch you're gonna play the part of Dennis's wife *and you just got married.*

MARY: ~~Remember that~~ *Dennis & I are newlyweds?*

JACK: Yes...and you're in Niagra Falls on your honeymoon.

DENNIS: Where am I?

JACK: What?

PHIL: I don't know about you, kid, ^{but} I'm on page twenty-two.

JACK: That's twenty-one.

PHIL: I've got eleven toes.

JACK: Phil, you miss-counted....Try again....Now Mary, as soon as we --

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

MARY: Jack what was that?

JACK: I don't know....Who fired that shot?

HAL: (VERY CLASSY) I did.....that reverberation you just heard was the result of a fire-arm that I discharged to test the accoustical quality of the studio.

JACK: Accoustical quality?.....Who are you?

ATX01 0311991

HAL: I'm Herbert, your sound effects man..

JACK: Oh....Oh....Well, look, Herbert, don't try any more shots...
All I want are the sound effects that are written into
the script.

HAL: *Will* You can depend on me, Mr. Benny....For years I have
devoted my artistry to dramatic shows and I have mastered
the most difficult sound effects ever heard on radio.

JACK: Really?

HAL: Yes....one in particular baffled every sound effects man
in the industry....but by perserverance and sheer
ingenuity, I managed to reproduce it, *Jack: I see*...It was on the
Prudential Hour.....The scene was a moonlit night and two
lovers were dancing out on the patio.

JACK: Oh yes yes....I heard that show.

HAL: As the soft music filled the balmy summer evening, the two
lovers drew closer and closer until his cheek, lightly
brushed against hers....That was the most delicate sound
effect of all.

JACK: *Will* I should imagine it was....How did you get the sound
of his cheek delicately brushing against hers?

HAL: I slapped a hot water bottle with a piece of raw liver.

JACK: *Say* Gosh...those are the kind of effects we need on our
show...*how* Mary, I'll write a scene where you brush *my* cheek
~~against mine~~ *you know against - your cheek against*
mine, you see.

MARY: *But* Jack, liver is ninety cents a pound.

JACK: Oh...well, just kick me in the pants, it's cheaper....
Now Don, let's take the rehearsal from that scene where
we're in the house and there's a knock on the door.

DON: Okay, Jack.

JACK: Herbert...give us a knock on the door.

(SOUND: VERY FAINT KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: No no, Herbert....a little louder.

(SOUND: VERY FAINT KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Herbert, that still isn't loud enough...Why is the
knock so soft?

HAL: I use Jergens.

JACK: Oh, well then maybe we oughta have a door bell instead
of a ~~knock~~

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: There....that's more like it.

HAL: I didn't do that.

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, there's really someone at the door.

JACK: Huh?...Oh...Don, you're near the door...open it, *will you.*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Say, Jack....it's Jimmy Stewart.

JACK: You see, Mary, what did I tell you....He came after me
already.....COME ON IN, JIMMY.

JIMMY: Thanks.

JACK: What can I do for you?

ATX01 0311993

14-
JIMMY: ^{Well} Jack, I hate to break in on your rehearsal, ^{like this} but there's something I want to talk to you about.

JACK: Oh Jimmy, it's quite all right....we have plenty of time.

DENNIS: Not me, I've gotta go to Niagra Falls and meet Mary.

JACK: Dennis, be quiet.Now Jimmy, what is it you want to talk to me about?

JIMMY: It's about the picture.

JACK: You see, Mary....Now Jimmy, we can start production on the picture just as soon as ---

JIMMY: I mean the picture you autographed at the Derby.....

JACK: Huh?

JIMMY: You kept my fountain pen.

JACK: Oh oh.

JIMMY: I wouldn't have bothered, but it's a lifetime pen and I'm young yet.

JACK: Yes yes....Here's your pen, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Thanks.

JACK: Now Jimmy, let's get back to business....I know you made a swell picture called, "You Gotta Stay Happy?...but I can do so much for you that --

MARY: Jack, why don't you leave him alone? Can't you see that Jimmy's not interested?

JACK: But, Mary, I can help him.

MARY: He doesn't need help. He's already won an Academy Award.

JACK: An Academy Award, Jimmy? For what picture?

JIMMY: "Philadelphia Story."

ATX01 0311994

DENNIS: Who cares about Philadelphia, I'm going to Niagara Falls.

JACK: ^{now} Dennis!... Be quiet.

JIMMY: (VERY SWEETLY) You know, Mary, ^{you know - you're just about} ~~she's~~ the only sensible ^{you know something else -} one around here.... And I think you're very pretty, too.

MARY: (FLUSTERED) Oh, Jimmy, ...do you really mean it? ^{Have -}

JIMMY: ^{Yeah sure} Of course I do.... ^{over} Come here a minute, Mary... ^{you have} You have such beautiful eyes, and such a lovely complexion.

MARY: Oh, Jimmy.

JIMMY: (VERY SOFTLY) Maybe sometime I could take you dancing in the moonlight.... just the two of us, ^{maybe} out on the patio.

DENNIS: HE'S GETTING CLOSE TO HER, HERBERT, GET READY WITH THE

LIVER.

JACK: ^{I don't know why dramatic actors get more laughs than comedians -} Mr. Day! ...Now look, Jimmy, ^{let's settle that picture} let's settle ^{Jimmy} ^{let's settle} deal we've been talking about.

^{Jimmy: Well, Jack. Jack: you're supposed to be mad here.}
JIMMY: ^{just} I can't make a picture ~~with~~ you this year, ~~and you'll see it~~.
^{You'll} have to excuse me.... ~~I'm~~ I'm going to Dressing Room G....

I have to look over a dramatic script.

JACK: Oh....well that's right next door, Jimmy....I'll show you where it is....Kids, I'll be back in a minute.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: So, Jimmy, as I pointed out to you, it'll be to your advantage to make this picture for me.

JIMMY: Jack, you've been talking to me for an hour and a half since we came into ^{the} ~~the~~ dressing room, ^{here}...Now let me just ^{how about it} lie here and relax, will you?

* (Insert)

^{Jack's} Academy Award - he can't read.

^{Jimmy:} Jack, I just can't make a picture with you this year.

JACK: Okay, okay, Jimmy....See you later.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)....~~Oh, Don~~ *Well, he back - de da da dum* (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP),)

Oh, oh
...Don, bring the quartet in now and we'll go over the commercial.

DON: Jack, we're gonna have a little difficulty with the Sportsmen this week....They're having trouble with their wives and they're all upset.

JACK: What?

DON: *Yes*, Yes Jack, it's terrible....their wives want to leave them.

JACK: All four of them? ...Don, I've never seen a quartet like that....When one has a cold, they all have colds....when one has a head-ache, they all have head-aches.....~~Don~~ Don, I don't care if they're having trouble with their wives or not, we've got to have a commercial...*now* where are they?

DON: *Well* They're in their dressing room *talking to* ~~pleading with~~ their wives on the phone.

JACK: Oh my goodness....Come on, Don, we'll go in and talk to them right now.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I can't imagine four fellows having the same trouble at the same time.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Well, here's their dressing room...let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Look Jack, they're still on the phone pleading with their wives.

JACK: Yeah.

QUART: SAY IT ISN'T SO.

SAY IT ISN'T SO.

EVERYONE IS SAYING YOU DON'T LOVE US

SAY IT ISN'T SO.

EVERYWHERE WE GO

EVERYONE WE KNOW

WHISPERS THAT YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO LEAVE US.

SAY IT ISN'T SO.

PLEASE DON'T GO AWAY.

PROMISE YOU WILL STAY.

WE WILL FILL THE HOUSE WITH LUCKY STRIKES

YOU'LL GET THEM EVERY DAY.

LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER THAN THE REST

TO FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST

DON'T LEAVE US DARLINGS,

SAY IT ISN'T SO.

(CRY)

JACK: Boys, I know you're upset, but, don't cry... I'll talk to

your wives... I'm sure everything will be all right...

right now I need a commercial... Fellows, ...a commercial.

QUART: IS MFT MEANS FINE TOBACCO

THE FINEST YOU CAN GROW

THAT'S WHY WE'RE HAPPY

BABY, PLEASE DON'T GO.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, that's awful. *I'm sorry.*
Boys, boys, fellows fellows,
huh -

JACK: Boys, I'm sorry for you,

but I need a commercial.

JACK: *Fellows, really, I need a*
commercial. Boys,
look, a commercial.
Thank heaven.

JACK: ~~that's the better.~~

look at *look at*

Fellows, look at
it'll be all right - look I need
a commercial.

X (THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Don...Don/you better take them home. *you better take them home* *Don't take them home.* -18-
better tomorrow..I'll see you later.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, I hate to see those fellows so upset...I hope they settle things with their wives. ~~I know they can't afford~~
~~standing on what I pay them...~~ But then, that's their worry, not mine.

JIMMY: Oh Jack.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh?..Hello, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Jack, I came out here to talk to you.

JACK: Yes yes..about the picture?

JIMMY: No, not about the picture.

JACK: Well then, what is it, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Jack, I realize now that when you took my fountain pen in the Brown Derby, you wanted me to follow you around.

JACK: ~~What~~ *What,*

JIMMY: So when you took me to the dressing room, told me to lie down and relax and put my feet up on a chair, I should've known you were up to something.

JACK: Huh?

JIMMY: ~~jack~~ *jack* GIVE ME BACK MY SHOES.

JACK: Oh yes yes..your shoes...~~they are in my room...~~
~~I guess I got them...~~ *you are*
~~took them by mistake.~~ Here ~~are~~ shoes, Jimmy.

ATX01 0311998

I'll thank you for

JIMMY: ~~THANK YOU FOR~~ MY SOX, TOO.

JACK: Oh ~~yes~~ *Yeah*...your sox....Now Jimmy, as long as you've got a few minutes while you're putting on your shoes and sox, let's talk about the picture...*now* If you will *just*

JIMMY: No more talk, Jack..I told you I have too many commitments and that settles it!

JACK: Okay, Jimmy, but if you should change your mind..come around and see me:

Well
JIMMY: I WON'T CHANGE MY MIND!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) SAY IT ISN'T SO...LITTLE DOES HE KNOW..IA IA IA
IA IA IA IA IA..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now come on, kids, let's finish the rehearsal and make it snappy..Rochester is waiting for me out in the parking lot *with my car.*
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

ROCH: WELL, MR. BENNY WILL BE OUT IN ABOUT A HALF HOUR..I BETTER START WARMING UP THE MOTOR.

(SOUND: LONG STARTER..DYING OUT AS MOTOR DOESN'T CATCH ON.)

ROCH: THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE BATTERY AGAIN....
I BETTER TAKE A LOOK.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR DOOR OPENS..FEW FOOTSTEPS..
THEN HOOD OPENS)

ATX01 0311999

ROCH: (TO HIMSELF) NOW LET'S SEE...THERE'S THE BATTERY AND IT HAS THE POSITIVE AND THE NEGATIVE...THEN THERE ARE THE SPARKS.. THE SPARKS ARE SUPPOSED TO GO FROM THE ELECTRONS TO THE ELECTRODES... OR MAYBE THEY GO FROM THE GENERATOR TO THE DISTRIBUTER...OR THEN AGAIN...MAYBE THEY GO FROM NBC..TO CBSSAY, I THINK THIS LOOSE WIRE HERE IS THE TROUBLE....SO I'LL JUST FASTEN IT AND ---

JIMMY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: HUH?...OH, HELLO, MR. STEWART.

JIMMY: ^{how} Has Mr. Benny come out of the studio yet?

ROCH: NO, BUT HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE...BY THE WAY, MR. STEWART, I WAS OVER TO YOUR HOUSE THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS... MR. BENNY HAD ME DROP OFF A PACKAGE FOR YOU...DID YOU GET IT?

JIMMY: Yes, but this time there was too much starch in the collars.

ROCH: WELL DON'T LOOK AT ME, I'M ROUGH DRY, MR. BENNY'S THE STARCH MAN.

JIMMY: Oh, ^{I see} you know, Rochester, your boss amazes me..How long has he been in the laundry business?

ROCH: OH A LONG LONG TIME...SAY, MR. STEWART, YOU WERE BORN MAY 8TH, 1911, WEREN'T YOU?

JIMMY: Yes, ^{that's right} how do you know?

ROCH: YOU USED TO TAKE OUR DIAPER SERVICE.

JIMMY: I did?

ROCH: YEAH...IT BROKE MR. BENNY'S HEART THE WAY YOU AND GARY COOPER GREW UP SO FAST.

JIMMY: But Rochester, I still can't understand a man of Mr. Benny's position having a laundry service in his home.

ATX01 0312000

ROCH: OH, THE LAUNDRY IS JUST A SIDE LINE.

JIMMY: A side line?

ROCH: UH HUH...MR. BENNY DOES MORE BUSINESS IN HIS LIVING ROOM THAN
EASTERN COLUMBIA ~~THE~~ BROADWAY AT NINTH.

JIMMY: No!

ROCH: YEAH...ON DOLLAR DAY YOU CAN'T GET NEAR THE JOINT.

JACK: All right, Rochester...Are we ready to go?

ROCH: YES BOSS...ALL SET.

JACK: Good. ^{now} first I want you to drive me to--

JIMMY: ^{oh} Jack..I'd like to see you for a second.

JACK: Oh, hello, Jimmy...So you finally changed your mind and you
want to appear in my picture.

JIMMY: ^{no} No...it's not that..There's something ^{I'd like to} ~~ask~~ ask you.

JACK: What is it?

JIMMY: Now look, Jack, you've been using little tricks so I'd follow
you around all day, *hmm?*

JACK: Well...Yes, I must admit I did..You're not angry are you?

JIMMY: ^{oh} No. ^{no, no} BUT TELL ME ONE THING.

JACK: What is it, Jimmy?

JIMMY: ^{oh} I KNOW HOW YOU GOT MY FOUNTAIN PEN...I CAN EVEN FIGURE OUT HOW
YOU GOT MY SHOES AND ^{socks} SOX...BUT HOW IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN DID
YOU GET THE FILLING OUT OF MY TOOTH?

JACK: I'LL TELL YOU WHEN WE FINISH THE PICTURE...COME ON, ROCHESTER,
DRIVE US HOME.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312001

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the nation's fight against infantile paralysis continues relentlessly, but your contributions must keep rolling in to continue this fight. I am sending a covered wagon with my vault across the country to collect your dimes and dollars to aid in the fight. Obviously the wagon can only visit a small portion of the country, so please send your dimes and dollars to Jack Benny, in care of your local CBS station...or direct to the March of Dimes... Let's all join in the fight against polio by contributing to the March of Dimes. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first--

ATX01 0312002

(TAG)

-23-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Jimmy Stewart for following me around on my program today....And next Sunday, listen in to ~~the~~ C.B.S. line-up....The Prudential Hour,... Spike Jones....

JIMMY: Jack --

JACK: Just a minute, Jimmy.....Then after *Jones* comes Jack Benny-- (That's me...and my guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.)

JIMMY: Jack --

JACK: Jimmy, just a minute....Den, dere's Amos 'N' Andy..... and Sam Spade.

JIMMY: Jack, I've gotta talk to you.

JACK: Then there's Life with Luigi....Our Miss Brooks...and Helen Hayes.

JIMMY: Jack --

JACK: What is it, Jimmy?

JIMMY: I wanta go home, give me my pants.

JACK: Here you are.....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: And don't forget the new Lucky Strike program..."Your Lucky Strike" starring Don Ameche....heard every week-day afternoon over most of these stations.... This is C.B.S....The Columbia Broadcasting System.

ATX01 0312003

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

AS BROADCAST

DATE January 16, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

8

KA-925

ATK01 0312004

PROGRAM #16
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, January 16, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0312005

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 16, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: The Jack Benny Program -- presented by Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low? Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense -
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you
light up a Lucky ... because Luckies' fine tobacco picks
you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're
tense ... puts you on the right level to feel and do
your level best.

SHARBUTT: It's important to know that fine tobacco can do this for
you. And -

MARTIN: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco mild, ripe, light
tobacco that makes a grand smoke.

MARTIN: So next time you buy cigarettes, remember -- Luckies'
fine tobacco picks you up when you're low ... calms you
down when you're tense ... puts you on the Lucky Level --
where you feel your best ... and do your best. Yes....

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

ATX01 0312006

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY, WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON, AND OUR GUESTS MR. AND MRS. RONALD COLMAN.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND ROCHESTER HELPING JACK FIX UP HIS SCRAP BOOK.

JACK: Rochester, have you got the scissors?

ROCH: YEAH...I'M CUTTING SOMETHING OUT OF THE FRONT PAGE OF THE PASADENA NEWS...IT'S A PICTURE OF YOU KISSING THE QUEEN OF THE ROSE PARADE.

~~JACK: Let me see that picture. How come you're cutting out a picture of a young girl and the photographer's assistant had to get into the picture? Look at him standing there holding that flash-bulb.~~

~~ROCH: That's the one. Flash-bulb. That's the one he had to get on your lips. That's the one he had to get on your lips.~~

JACK: Oh yes...Gee, that is a nice picture of me, isn't it? And it's in color, too.

ROCH: IT WOULD EVEN BE NICER IF YOUR EYE LASHES WEREN'T GRAY.

JACK: Rochester, my lashes aren't gray..Its just that my eyes are so blue they pick up lint...~~Now even though you're a flash-bulb...~~
~~Rochester, don't just sit there and say that...~~

ROCH: ~~BUT HERE IS SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING, BOSS. THE GOVERNMENT'S BUDGET FOR THIS YEAR IS GOING TO BE FORTY-FIVE BILLION DOLLARS.~~

JACK: ~~Well, that isn't high, Rochester. When you consider that fourteen billion of it goes to the armed forces.~~

ROCH: ~~THAT'S RIGHT, AND THAT YEAR, DON'T IT?~~

JACK: ~~Yes, but now the army needs more money. They have to buy fur jackets and ski suits for the soldiers stationed in California.~~

ROCH: ~~JUST THINK OF IT, BOSS. I KNOW IN SANTA BARBARA~~

JACK: ~~...and they're all the way down to the coast.~~

~~...and they're all the way down to the coast.~~ Now, Rochester, I've got enough clippings for my scrap book. I better start pasting 'em in.

ROCH: BOSS, I LOOKED EVERYWHERE BUT I CAN'T FIND THE GLUE.

JACK: Well, just mix some flour and water. that'll make a good paste.

ROCH: I THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO, BUT WE'RE ALL OUT OF FLOUR.

JACK: We're out of flour?

ROCH: YEAH. YESTERDAY I BARELY HAD ENOUGH TO FINISH BAKING THE BREAD.

JACK: Well if we were short of flour, why did you bake so much bread?

ROCH: I HAD TO, BARBARA STANWYCK ORDERED FOUR EXTRA LOAVES.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: WITH RAISENS YET.

JACK: Well, why don't you run over to the Colmans and borrow a cup of--^{hey} wait a minute. I haven't seen Mr. Colman for quite awhile. Hand me a cup, I'll go get the flour.

ATX01 0312008

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: I'll be right back, Rochester.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS DOWN WOODEN STEPS. FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT..)

JACK: *(Hum - Love in Bloom)*
..Hm..as long as I'm going over, I really shoulda brought a larger cup..Oh well, I guess this cup will be all right..

(SINGS) CAN IT BE THE TREES THAT FILL THE BREEZE WITH... *Love*

Gee, there are a lot of people out today. LA LA LA LA LA,
LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA LALA LA.

(SOUND: (ON CUE) COIN DROPPED IN CUP)

JACK: Thank you..(CONTINUES SINGING LOVE IN BLOOM)...I better go around to the back door..(SINGS LOVE IN BLOOM)...Gee, the Colmans keep their lawn nice and--Oh, isn't that cute...a garbage can shaped like an Oscar...You just lift up the head and throw the stuff in...When I make my next picture, maybe they'll give me a garbage can--I mean an Oscar.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS....DOOR BUZZER...PAUSE...

(ON CUE) DOOR BUZZER.....PAUSE.....DOOR OPENS)

ERIC: Oh, it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Sherwood, ~~I didn't think you were home. I was just going to leave.~~

ERIC: ~~Oh, I was just going to leave.~~

JACK: ~~Hi.~~

ERIC: ~~What can I do for you?~~

JACK: ~~Well, I was just going to leave.~~...Is Mr. Colman in?

ERIC: Yes yes, he's in the library.

JACK: Well, *could* you tell him that I'd like to borrow a cup of flour?

ATX01 0312009

ERIC: Oh, there's no need to tell him...I'll give you the flour.

JACK: *Oh* Shall I come in?

ERIC: That won't be necessary...I'll sift it to you through the screen door.

JACK: *Oh...oh. Hmm.*

ERIC: I have the sack right here on the shelf.

JACK: *What was that - oh* By the way, Sherwood I tried to call Mr. Colman on the phone this morning, but I couldn't get him..Did he change his number since I talked to him last week?

ERIC: Yes sir, three times.

JACK: Oh...well, I hope he got one he likes, *you know.*

ERIC: Will this be enough flour, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes yes, I'm just going to use it to make a little paste. You see, I'm working on my scrap-book and I'm sticking in the many things that have been said about me.

ERIC: You..save those?

JACK: Yes yes..well, thanks for the flour Sherwood. *Lower Sherwood. I mean thanks for the*

ERIC: You're quite welcome, sir.

JACK: *His reaction - my tongue froze, then.*
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS...THEN FOOTSTEPS ON

CEMENT CONTINUING THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JACK: *Jack must* I'm ~~going to~~ ask the Colman's to put a gate in the back so I won't have to walk clear out to the sidewalk....(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)....Hmm...there's Ronnie's long underwear hanging on the line.. He's got a gate in ~~them~~ *there*....(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

(SOUND: (ON CUE) NICE LOUD AUTO HORN)

ATX01 0312010

MARY: (OFF) OH JACK..JACK.

JACK: OH, HELLO, MARY.

(SOUND: FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS..THEN STOP)

JACK: *hey* Come on in the house, *Mary*.

MARY: I haven't got time...I just stopped by to ask you if I could ~~miss~~ *skip* rehearsal tomorrow.

JACK: *skip* Miss rehearsal? Why?

MARY: Well, my sister Babe is coming in from Plainfield...she's trying to forget a broken romance.

JACK: Oh no..not Sebastian?

MARY: *No* No...a new one.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: And she was so in love with him..They were all ready to elope..the ladder was up against the house..the window was open..and Babe was so embarrassed.

JACK: Why?

MARY: He wasn't home. *what*

JACK: Gee, that's a shame..What did she do?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Well, as long as she was up there, she *Jack: well, when I was 14, I was up the house, & guess you must need it painted the house.* painted the house.

JACK: *you know, you got to do it once in a while - Mary who was -* ~~Good~~ good...Mary, who was this new love of hers?

MARY: I don't know his name, but she said he was making good money...He was a glass blower.

JACK: A glass blower?

MARY: Yeah..(LAUGHINGLY) Whenever Babe went out with him, Mama could always tell when he'd kissed her.

JACK: How?

MARY: When Babe came home, her head would be three times its size.

ATK01 0312011

JACK: Three times its size?

MARY: That was when he gave her a plain kiss..Once he got fancy and her head looked like a Studebaker.

JACK: Good old Babe, I knew she could do it...Say Mary, why don't you come in for a little while?

MARY: ^{oh} ~~We~~ no, I've gotta run along... ^{now} See you later.

Jack: *Okay.* (SOUND: NICE CAR DRIVES OFF...FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE ON CEMENT)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Gee, that's a nice Cadillac Mary has.. I woulda gotten one too, but they didn't make them then... In those days they only had three models..Maxwells, Saxons and horses.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER..ROCHESTER...I'VE GOT THE FLOUR SO WE CAN MAKE THE ---

ROCH: WE WON'T NEED IT NOW, BOSS...I FOUND SOME GLUE AND I'VE ALREADY PASTED THINGS IN THE BOOK.

JACK: Wait a minute, this stuff doesn't seem to be sticking very well...Rochester, is this glue fresh?

ROCH: FRESH? ONLY TWO DAYS AGO IT WAS EIGHT TO ONE AT SANTA ANITA.

JACK: What?...

ROCH: I HAD HIM ACROSS THE BOARD...WIN, PLACE, AND MUCILAGE.

JACK: NO! .. How do you like that.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get ~~the~~ *the door.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ATX01 0312012

JACK: Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny..I just came over to tell you the good news.

JACK: Good news? What?

DENNIS: I finally got two tickets for the Rose Bowl Game.

JACK: Two tickets for the Rose Bowl Game? .. Dennis, that game was played almost three weeks ago.

DENNIS: I know, that's why they're so hard to get now.

JACK: ^{Dennis} Dennis come in a minute.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Now let me get this straight... Maybe I'm the one that's confused... Are these tickets for the game that was just played, or the one that's gonna be played next year?

DENNIS: What do you care, I'm not taking you.

JACK: ^{Look it} Dennis.. I can't stand this crazy talk., Now do me a favor.. ^{will you}
Go outside and come back in.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM..DOOR BUZZER..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: (AS TITUS MOODY) Howdy, Bub.

JACK: Well, that's better.. Now you're Titus Moody.

DENNIS: (AS TITUS MOODY) Yep and I've got two tickets to the Rose Bowl Game.

JACK: Now cut that out... Look kid, what did you come over here for anyway?

ATX01 0312013

well, I
DENNIS: I wanted you to hear the song I'm going to do on the program.

JACK: Well, why didn't you say so?..Let's hear it.

DENNIS: Okay, *okay*.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG... "CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM")

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312014

JACK: ^{That's} That's very good, Dennis...you sang that beautifully,

PHIL: Yeah, I heard it..it wasn't bad, kid.

JACK: Phil, I didn't see you..Why didn't you tell me you were here?

PHIL: ^{Well} I didn't want to intrude while you were so enraptured by Mr. Day's musical rendition.

JACK: Phil...Phil..did that come out of you?

PHIL: Why? What's so incongruous about that?

JACK: Incongruous? ~~What?~~

PHIL: ^{Listen to me} ~~What?~~ Jackson, I'm trying to improve myself..in literature.. in English..and even Music.

JACK: Music too? ^{Well} I'm glad to hear it.

PHIL: Certainly, Jackson..I just came from the library where I picked up this book on music by Grofe.

JACK: Oh, Ferdie Grofe?

PHIL: No, his brother Geerge.

JACK: George Grofe?..I never heard of him.

PHIL: Well, here's the book right here..I've been reading it all morning..There it is on the cover..George Grofe.

JACK: That's Geography!...I knew it couldn't last...Phil, if you wanta learn about---Dennis, get away from my scrapbook and --- Dennis, stop drinking out of that bottle..it's glue.. Dennis, it's glue...Oh my goodness...Dennis, speak to me.

DENNIS: (NEIGHS LIKE A HORSE)

JACK: Now stop ~~that~~ those imitations.

PHIL: ^{you better stop it} ~~That's right~~, kid..if you wanta get anyplace in show business, you've gotta stop being ridiculous, ludicrous, ~~incompetent~~ ^{and unseemly} incompetent and unseemly.

JACK: Phil, where did you learn all those words?

PHIL: ^{Well} They're in my contract with Rexall.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Right under the Sobriety Clause.

JACK: Phil...do you know what sobriety means?

PHIL: No, what?

JACK: It means that according to that contract, you're not allowed to take a drink.

PHIL: Holy smoke, I signed my life away!

JACK: Phil....Phil...Denatured Boy...do me a favor...pick up Dennis and that geography book and ~~let's~~ --

DENNIS: ^{Oh} I have a wonderful contract with my sponsor Colgate...I don't have to sign anything, we just shake hands.

JACK: ~~What's the deal?~~ Really?

DENNIS: Yeah, but I think he's near-sighted.

JACK: ~~What's the deal?~~ The sponsor near-sighted - Why?

DENNIS: When my option came up, ^{instead of shaking my hand} ~~I reached out to shake his hand and~~ he grabbed me by the ~~throat~~ throat.

JACK: Well, if you gave him that Rose Bowl routine, I don't blame him...Now, look kids --

ROCH: BOSS...BOSS

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I WAS PREPARING YOUR LUNCH AND I FIND ~~THE~~ WE'RE ALL OUT OF BUTTER.

JACK: ^{Well} All out of butter? Well, you know what to do.

ROCH: I'M ON MY WAY!... (SINGS) MR. COOLMAN, HERE I COME...YOU'RE THE ONE WE BORROW FROM.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

AFX01 0312016

BENITA: OH, RONNIE...RONNIE, WHERE ARE YOU?

COLMAN: I'm in the library, Benita.

(APPLAUSE)

COLMAN: Benita, who was that at the back door?

BENITA: Mr. Benny's butler, Manchester.

COLMAN: Oh.....Milk?

BENITA: No.

COLMAN: Sugar?

BENITA: No.

COLMAN: Cream?

BENITA: No.

COLMAN: Mayonnaise?

BENITA: No.

COLMAN:Er...Butter!

BENITA: RIGHT!...RONNIE, YOU'RE ^{you're really} WONDERFUL...IF YOU EVER WENT ON A QUIZ PROGRAM, WE COULD SPEND TWO GLORIOUS WEEKS IN HONOLULU.

COLMAN: (LAUGHINGLY) Yes, Benita, I'm getting sharp. ~~It only took me five guesses. Remember the time it took you fifty, and~~
~~guesses before you got it?~~

~~BENITA: But who in the world would think Jack wanted to borrow my~~
~~girdle?~~

~~COLMAN: And his excuse for borrowing that girdle was that he was~~
~~making "Charlotte Hart" at the time.~~

~~BENITA: That was ten years ago, why doesn't he return it already?~~

^{yes, but you know -}
COLMAN: ~~Benita~~, let's not talk about Benny. It only upsets me...
borrowing, borrowing, borrowing...What a neighbor.

BENITA: Well ^{darling} ~~Benita~~ sometimes he tries to be helpful...During the freezing weather the other night, when you were worried about our orange trees, Jack did come over and lend you a smudge pot.

ATX01 0312017

COLMAN: Some smudge pot..three old toupays smoldering in a broken pressure cooker.

BENITA: I know, ^{darling} ~~but~~ ^{then} what about the snow?.. Tuesday morning he volunteered to shovel all the snow away from our house.. and he did it, too.

COLMAN: Yes..(LAUGHS)..You know, that was shrewd of me, telling him I dropped a dime on our front lawn.

BENITA: Ronnie...you mean you tricked him into doing all that work?

COLMAN: Yes, Benita, I must confess...Even though it makes me a bit of a stinker, I did....It's little things like that that make life worth living... ^{for once I got even with him for his constant barrowing.}

BENITA: Now Ronnie, you shouldn't be too hard on Jack..After all, it isn't his fault that he's like he is...It's just fate.

COLMAN: What do you mean?

BENITA: Well, you know the famous saying, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

COLMAN: Yes, but what's that got to do with it?

BENITA: Well, people can't help being who they are...It's fate... You could have been born Jack Benny, and he could have been Ronald Colman.

COLMAN: ...Benita...have you been nipping the sherry again?

BENITA: Now stop, ^{stop} joking..And ^{you know} it's something to think about.

COLMAN: I'm too tired to think about it now..If we're going out to dinner tonight, I'm going to take a little nap..I'll lie down here on the ~~sofa~~

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

COLMAN: Ooooooh!

ATX01 0312018

BENITA: ~~Well~~, Ronnie, I should've told you. He borrowed the couch, too.

COLMAN: The couch! ~~Why did you let him have it?~~ *Well - of all the*

~~BENITA: I would have, I would have, I would have.~~

~~COLMAN: Benita, I don't have what I want. I just don't know what to~~

~~BENITA: Benita, why are you sitting at the table?~~

~~COLMAN: What else can you do when you're lying on the floor?~~

BENITA: *Darling*, Darling, if you want to take your nap, why don't you just sit here in this easy chair.

COLMAN: Well...

BENITA: You'd better hurry while it's still here.

COLMAN: All right, I will... (YAWNS)

BENITA: I'll turn out the light and leave you alone.

(SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH)

COLMAN: Thank you.

BENITA: Have a nice nap, dear.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING SOFTLY)

COLMAN: (YAWNS)... Sometimes Benita has the weirdest ideas... (YAWNS)..
Imagine her saying that it's just fate.. that I could've
been born Jack Benny.... Ooh, what a nauseating thought.....
Ah, this is a comfortable chair... (YAWNS) .. It feels so good
to close my eyes.

(SOFT DREAM MUSIC UP AND SUSTAIN)

BENITA: (ON JACK'S MIKE, FILTERED) (SOFTLY) Yes, Ronnie, you
could've been born Jack Benny.. You could've been Jack Benny..
You could be Jack Benny.. You could be Jack Benny... You could
be Jack Benny.

(DREAM MUSIC OUT)

ATX01 0312019

ROCH: OH BOSS...BOSS...MR. BENNY

COLMAN: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: ^{Today} TODAY'S PAY DAY...SOME OF YOUR CAST IS WAITING IN THE
LIVING ROOM FOR THEIR MONEY.

COLMAN: ~~Hummmmm~~!...All right, I might as well go on in...Help me on
with my shoes, Rochester.

ROCH: WHY?...YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE THEM OFF AGAIN WHEN YOU PAY
THEM.

COLMAN: Yeah, I guess you're right..You know, Rochester, I'm a
pretty lucky man..My cast has been wonderful to me..They're
always on time..they work hard..they try their best..and
always give great performances..I wish there was something
I could do to show my gratitude.

ROCH: WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THEM A RAISE?

COLMAN: I WILL NOT!Well, I better not keep them waiting.
(SINGS SOFTLY) CAN IT BE THE TREES THAT FILL THE BREEZE
WITH RARE AND MAGIC PERFUME..(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)..OH NO,
IT ISN'T THE ^{Well}---Hello, kids.

MARY, DON & DENNIS: Hello, Jack.

COLMAN: Well, I understand you're all here for your salaries..Here's
yours, Mary.

MARY: Thanks, Jack.

COLMAN: Don,

DON: Thanks, Jack.

COLMAN: Dennis..

(SOUND: LOUD HALF DOLLAR FALLING ON CEMENT)

COLMAN: Whoops, dropped it.

ATX01 0312020

MARY: Say, Jack, did you hear the latest news about Don? He's got another show now.

COLMAN: Well congratulations, Don...what program is it?

DON: *Shit* It's the Alan Young Show, Jack. We started last week.

COLMAN: Alan Young, eh...He's a clever comedian...How does it feel having two shows?

DON: Wonderful...and the nice thing about it is that one of my bosses is Young... (LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS)

COLMAN: Don...Don...Don...Blimp Belly... *any more cracks like that*
~~and it isn't mine, it belongs to Dennis, it's his own~~
~~thing, Don~~...OUCH...Dennis, why are you biting my leg?

DENNIS: You're standing on my salary.

COLMAN: Oh...Now kids, since you're all here, I want to invite you *the* to my birthday party on February Fourteenth.

MARY: Say, that's right, Jack...next month is your birthday.

COLMAN: Yep...Time sure flies... *one more month & I won't be 39 anymore.*
~~I can't imagine myself being forty.~~

MARY: ~~Party?~~ 39!

COLMAN: Yes.

MARY: Where were you born, on a slow boat to China?

COLMAN: (MIMICS HER) Slow boat to China, slow boat to China..You, *you* better watch it, sister, or you'll be on a fast bus to the May Company.

MARY: I'm sorry, Jack...By the way, I meant to tell you..I just got another letter from my mother.

COLMAN: Really, and what does the "Command Decision" of your Father's Life have to say?

MARY: Oh, nothing much,...except that the Dentists held a convention in Plainfield, and my sister Babe was voted Miss Lower Plate Wobble of 1949.

COLMAN: Good old Babe, I knew she could do it.

DON: *Oh* By the way, Jack...what are you planning to do on the program next week?

COLMAN: Well, I want to do a Shakespearian Sketch..and I'm going to try *and* get Ronald Colman as a guest star...I've even offered him a hundred dollars.

DON: A hundred dollars! *Why* You can't get Ronald Colman to do Shakespeare for that.

COLMAN: Don, he's such a big ham, he'll jump at the chance..

~~And the reason I want to get Ronald Colman is because he's a big ham.~~

~~He's a big ham.~~

MARY: Well, have you finished the script for Mr. Colman yet?

COLMAN: Yes, Mary....I have it right here..Listen to this wonderful
Shakespearian Soliloquy I'm going to have Ronnie do...
(CLEARS THROAT) ...TO BE OR NOT TO BE..THAT IS THE QUESTION...
WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND
ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE,,OR TO ENJOY A LUCKY AND SO
TO FEEL TH LEVEL BEST,,,TO SMOKE...TO PUFF...PERCHANCE TO
BLOW A SMOKE RING,..AYE, THERE'S THE THRILL....COME LET ME
LIGHT THEE..ARE THOU NOT ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED?...
ART THOU NOT FIRST AGAIN WITH FRIENDS, ROMANS, ~~AND~~
COUNTRYMEN...ART THOU NOT A NOBLE ORATION, YOUR PRAISES
TRIPPING LIGHTLY FROM THE NIMBLE TONGUE OF SPEEDY RIGGS...
~~AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN THE GREAT LION OF THE~~
~~THEATRE WAS ABOUT TO BE TAKEN DOWN...~~ AYE, HORATIO,
THE TOBACCO'S THE THING..THAT MAKES A LUCKY ^{fitting} ~~fitting~~ FOR
A KING.

(APPLAUSE)

(DREAM MUSIC SNEAKS IN AND GETS LOUDER..THEN SOFT AND WE HEAR--)

BENITA: (SLOWLY ON ECHO MIKE) ...Yes, Ronnie..you could have been
Jack Benny....And Jack Benny could have been born Ronald
Colman. Jack could have been Ronald Colman.

(DREAM MUSIC UP FULL AND SUSTAIN FOR SEVERAL SECONDS..THEN OUT)

BENITA: (ON CUE) OH RONNIE..RONNIE..WHERE ARE YOU?

JACK: I'm in the library, Benita.

BENITA: Oh yes, you always are....What are you doing, Ronnie?

JACK: I'm looking at the list of nominees for the Academy Awards,
and my name isn't on it.

RTX01 0312023

BENITA: But ~~you~~ ^{darling}...you didn't make a picture this year...How can you expect to win anything?

JACK: I thought they might give me some sort of award for living next to Benny...Gad, how I despise that Blue-eyed baboon.

BENITA: Now darling, don't pick on his appearance.

JACK: Why not?....After all, Benny's eyes aren't really blue....

I happen to know that he dyes them.

BENITA: ^{OK} Forget him, dear...remember what happens to your blood pressure when you think of Benny.

JACK: I can't help thinking of ~~him~~ ^{that jerk}....always borrowing...eggs...milk, cream, butter, ^{butter}...doesn't he have anything of his own?.. What does he keep in his ice box?

BENITA: ^a ~~the~~ film of "The Horn Blows At Midnight."

JACK: Oh yes...If I ever made a picture like that, I'd ask Clancy to lower the boom.

BENITA: Now, Ronnie, forget Jack...and let's talk about something else...I haven't told you before, but I'm planning a hunting trip for us up in the High Sierras.

JACK: ^{In The High Sierras} ~~Oh, that's wonderful~~...are we going to hunt bear?

BENITA: NO, WE'LL BE WEARING YOUR LONG UNDERWEAR. HA HA HA HA...
OH, BENITA, YOU'RE A JOLLY ONE.

JACK: That's not funny, Benita...Anyway, I don't want to go hunting...I'd rather go to the races at Santa Anita, Benita.

BENITA: (LAUGHING) Oh Ronnie...you're so cute...come here, darling.

JACK: ^{Oh} Don't, dear....don't...(LAUGHS) ..You're tickling me.

BENITA: Oh, stop being so dignified, it's only us.

ATX01 0312024

JACK: (LAUGHS) You know, darling...I'm a lucky man...having such a beautiful wife...come here, Benita and let me kiss you...

~~JACK: Benita, stop joking...I'm not kidding you...~~
(BENITA KISSES JACK)

BENITA: *Oh Ronnie* That was wonderful, ~~Benita~~...Kiss me again...Ronnie...
Ronnie...Ronnie... ~~Benita~~

(DREAM MUSIC UP AND OUT)

BENITA: (ON CUE) RONNIE...RONNIE...WAKE UP.

COLMAN: Huh...what...*What, oh* Oh, it's you, Benita.

BENITA: Yes, I've been calling you for five minutes.

COLMAN: Oh...well, where did he go?... Where did Benny go?

BENITA: Benny? Jack wasn't here.

COLMAN: Oh, he wasn't, eh?... Now, Benita...I distinctly saw you kiss him.

BENITA: ME KISS JACK BENNY!....Have you gone out of your--*OK* Wait a minute...you must have dreamed it.

COLMAN: Huh?...*OK* Yes, yes...I guess I did...Well, that settles it...
we'll have to move.

BENITA: Move...why?

COLMAN: Benita...I don't mind Benny borrowing everything I've got...
and I don't mind Benny ruining my life.....BUT WHEN HE
STARTS TO LOUSE UP MY DREAMS, THAT'S TOO MUCH....*my girl*
TOO MUCH.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312025

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the nation's fight against infantile paralysis continues relentlessly, but your contributions must keep rolling in to continue this fight... A covered wagon has ^{just} been sent across the country with ^{Jack Benny's} vault in it to collect your dimes and dollars to aid in this worthy cause. Obviously the wagon can only visit a limited number of cities, so please send your dimes and dollars to Jack Benny, in care of your local CBS station, or direct to the March of Dimes... Let's all join in the fight against polio by contributing to the March of Dimes. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first---

ATX01 0312026

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 16, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low..
calms you down when you're tense.

SHARBUTT: It's good to know that fine tobacco can do this for you.
And that's why it's so important that you select and
smoke the cigarette of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike!
For as every smoker knows -

MARTIN: LS - MPT
LS - MPT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! No wonder more
independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the
next two leading brands combined!

MARTIN: So when you choose your cigarette, remember that
Luckies' fine tobacco puts you on the right level --
the Lucky level -- where you feel your best and do
your best. Yes, when you are ...

SONG: Feeling low? Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense -
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (BUTTON)

ATK01 0312027

~~MAN:~~

~~(SOUND: PHONE RINGS, ANSWERED)~~

~~JACK: Hello?~~

~~GERMAN: Hello, Jack. This is Benita. I'm calling you.~~

~~JACK: Oh, Benita. How are you? I'm fine. How about you?~~

~~I'm fine, too.~~

~~JACK: Well, Benita, I'm glad to hear from you. I've been thinking about you a lot.~~

~~and now, and I want that I see on your program tonight.~~

~~JACK: You did?~~

~~GERMAN: Yes.~~

~~JACK: Well, Benita, go back to sleep and dream that I said you...~~

~~Goodnight.~~

~~GERMAN: Goodnight.~~

~~(SOUND: PHONE RINGS, DOWN)~~

~~(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)~~

*ack: Thanks Benita & Benita & Goodnight everybody.
(Applause & Playoff)*

DON: Be sure to stay tuned to the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately..and the rest of the CBS Sunday night line-up..which includes "Our Miss Brooks".. "Sam Spade"..and "Lum 'N' Abner".... And don't forget Monday through Friday the new Lucky Strike program.."Your Lucky Strike", starring Don Ameche..and don't miss Dennis Day in "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day".. This is CBS...the Columbia Broadcasting System....

ATX01 0312028

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

AS BROADCAST

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE: January 23, 1949

Network: **CBS**

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

KA-925

ATX01 0312029

SCRIPT #17
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, January 23, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0312030

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 23, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-1-

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: The Jack Benny Program -- presented by Lucky Strike!

SONG: (MUSIC INTRODUCTION)

Feeling low? Felling tense?

These eight words are common sense ...

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you
light up a Lucky ... because Luckies' fine tobacco picks
you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're
tense ... puts you on the right level to feel and do your
level best.

SHARBUTT: It's important to know that fine tobacco can do this for
you. And ...

MARTIN: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... mild, ripe, light
tobacco that makes a grand smoke!

MARTIN: Next time you buy cigarettes, remember -- Luckies' fine
tobacco picks you up when you're low ... calms you down
when you're tense ... puts you on the Lucky level -- where
you feel your best ... and do your best. So ...

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

ATX01 0312031

1X
(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

ROCH: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY
LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, DENNIS DAY, DON WILSON, AND
"YOURS TRULY" ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

ROCH: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..VERY FEW THINGS GO ON IN MR. BENNY'S
HOUSE THAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT..LAST TUESDAY MORNING AT NINE
O'CLOCK, MR. DON WILSON CAME OVER TO DISCUSS HIS NEW
CONTRACT WITH MR. BENNY..FIVE HOURS LATER, THEY WERE STILL
AT IT IN THE DEN BEHIND LOCKED DOORS.

JACK: Now look, ^{look} Don....I've given in to you on ^a lot of things..You
have the right to do another show....I ~~can~~ give you full
credit on all your programs.....You can take a two week
vacation each year....You even have the right to approve
of the scripts...Now, what else could you possibly want?

DON: Money.

JACK: HMMMMMMMM.....Don...Don, there are things much more
important than money.

DON: ^{well} Maybe so, Jack, but--

JACK: Don, ^{now wait a minute} you place too much importance on money....Don't you
realize...you can't take it with you?

DON: I know, but I'd like to finger a little of it while I'm here.

JACK: ~~Don, I'm not going to give you the money for a while...~~ Everything
else in the contract ^{is} satisfactory, isn't it?

DON: Well, ~~everything~~ everything except Clause Eleven.

JACK: Clause eleven?

ATX01 0312032

DON: Yes, that's the one that says I'm not allowed to eat during the broadcast.

JACK: Oh... Well Don, I had that clause put in because of what happened a couple of weeks ago when you were eating a hamburger during the first part of the show.

DON: So what if I ate a hamburger?...I did my commercial all right, didn't I?

JACK: Yes, but your pear shaped tones came out with onions on them.. Remember, you can't do your level best with mustard dripping on your vest.... So the ^{no there} eating clause stays in.

DON: Well, that's not important... ^{that's not important... but} What about the money?

JACK: Don, I've made my final offer...You don't have to sign it now.... I'll go out and leave you alone so you can think it over all by yourself.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...CLOSES..THEN,
LOUD KEY IN LOCK LOCKING DOOR)

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) I don't know, sometimes Don can be so stubborn that ~~that~~---

ROCH: (SOFT) SAY, BOSS...BOSS.

JACK: ~~what is it~~ what is it, Rochester?

ROCH: HAS HE SIGNED YET?

JACK: Not yet.

ROCH: DO YOU WANT ME TO HEAT UP THE BRANDING IRONS?

JACK: Oh, stop being silly..... Anyway, I'm using the hunger treatment on him...Tell me, Rochester, were there any calls while I was in conference?

ATX01 0312033

ROCH: YES...MISS BARBARA STANWYCK CALLED...SHE'S HAVING A BIG PARTY SATURDAY NIGHT AND SHE WANTS YOU TO BE THERE.

JACK: Good, good...did she say white tie or black tie?

ROCH: WHITE COAT, YOU'RE GONNA PARK CARS.

JACK: Hmmm...Well, Rochester, did you mention to Miss Stanwyck that I'd be glad to play my violin for her guests?

ROCH: OH, I ALWAYS DO....BUT SHE SAID THEY WERE GONNA HAVE JASCHA HEIFITZ FOR THAT.

JACK: Oh....Well, they probably would have had me, but Jascha can't park cars....Anyway, Rochester, I--

MEL: (TALKING AS THOUGH WITH COLD) HEDDO, HEDDO (SQUAWKS, WHISTLES)

JACK: Ah...poor Polly....You still haven't gotten over your cold.

MEL: POLLY GOTTA CODE (SNEEZES)

JACK: Gezundtheidt....You know Rochester, it's your fault that Polly has this cold...You never should have let her out of the house last week.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, HOW WAS I TO KNOW SHE'D TRY TO HATCH A SNOWBALL?

POLLY: Hatch a snowball, hatch a snowball. (SNEEZES)

JACK: ^{See}~~Yeah~~, it's amazing. She got a cold in the head from that... Well, I think I'll go back in the den and see if Don has made up his mind yet.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...LOUD KEY IN LOCK..
DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JACK: Well Don, have you decided to sign the contract yet at the salary I offered you.

ATX01 0312034

DON: No, Jack....And I want to tell you something...Never in my life have I seen anyone quibble over such trivial amounts as you do....Your parsimony absolutely revolts me...I've got to tell you, Jack, that you are, without a doubt, the cheapest, most miserly man I've ever met.

JACK: *If you hate me, don't laugh like that. Don't never have I been hurt as --*
WELL!!!!!! (THEN SADLY) Don...Don, I never have I been hurt as --
by a friend...How in the world can you say a thing like that about me?

DON: Because it's true.

JACK: THAT'S NO EXCUSE.....Imagine talking like that about me..Not only have we been business associates, but I've been the best friend you've ever had...I've done more for you than anyone else.

DON: Just a minute, Jack, what have you ever done for me?...Name one thing.

JACK: All right, I will....How about during the war when you weren't getting enough food...Didn't I sell you Rochester's ration book?....Didn't I?

DON: Jack, that ration book was for shoes.

JACK: That didn't stop you..you ate them anyway...And another thing---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ROCHESTER, WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR?

ROCH: (OFF) I'M GETTIN' IT, BOSS...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: (ON MIKE) UM UM..THEY'RE SURE GOING AFTER IT HOT AND HEAVY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ATX01 0312035

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE...COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: THE BOSS IS IN THE DEN ~~THAT~~ ^{with} MR. WILSON.

MARY: Business or pleasure?

ROCH: BUSINESS FOR MR. WILSON, PLEASURE FOR MR. BENNY.

MARY: Oh..then they must be discussing Don's new contract.

ROCH: YES MA'AM, AND THEY'VE BEEN IN THERE FOR OVER FIVE HOURS.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Gee, Don must be tough....I remember when Dennis came over to talk about his new contract, he was out in just twenty minutes.

ROCH: YEAH, HIS LAWYER SPRUNG HIM ~~FOR~~ ^{with} A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Oh Rochester..Well, anyway maybe Mr. Wilson will be out in a few minutes.

ROCH: I DOUBT IT...IT'S HARD TO SPRING THAT MUCH CORPUS.

MARY: Well, I'll ^{just} wait here for Jack.

MEL: Wait for Jack, wait for Jack.

MARY: Oh hello, Polly...Polly wanta cracker?

POLLY: POLLY WANT A KLEENEX. (SNEEZES)

MARY: Oh yes, I forgot...~~Been Polly wanta cracker...~~...Well, don't worry, ^{Polly} you'll be better in a few days.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

MARY: Oh hello Jack, I wanted to--

JACK: Just ^{fast} a minute, Mary.

(SOUND: KEY IN LOCK LOCKING DOOR)

JACK: Now, what were you saying, Mary?

ATX01 0312036

MARY: Nothing, ~~nothing~~... May I say hello to Don now, or are visiting hours over?

JACK: ^{Well} ~~What~~? Mary, I only locked the door so that no one could disturb Don while he's thinking... How are you?

MARY: ^{Oh! That's good.} Fine, Jack, fine. I just did a little shopping. I bought myself a new evening gown.

JACK: A new evening gown, huh? What color?

MARY: Well, it isn't a solid color. It's something brand new and the latest style out here in California. It's pure white with yellow spots.

JACK: White with yellow spots?

MARY: Uh huh.. it represents an ^{orange} ~~orange~~ tree peeping through a snow drift.

JACK: ~~Oh~~. ^{That's orange, orange tree - oh.}

MARY: ^{you know, Jack,} But it's really a beautiful gown, Jack. It's longer than ^{and} ~~last year~~ and it has a lower neck line.

JACK: Gee, then ^{the} ~~the~~ dresses must be skimpier than ever.. last season's neck lines were so low-- ^{See} I imagine next year they'll--

MARY: Stop thinking about it, Jack, your little blue eyes are popping out.

JACK: Yeah.... By the way, Mary, how come you bought a new evening gown?

MARY: For Barbara Stanwyck's party Saturday night.

JACK: Barbara Stanwyck is having a party

MARY: Yes, a real swank affair... everybody will be there.

JACK: Really?

ATX01 0312037

MARY: Yes, Barbara told me that they were having so many guests they even hired a man to park cars.

JACK: No kidding.

MARY: Don't act innocent. I was the one who recommended you.

JACK: (MIMICS HER) Recommended you, Recommended you.

MARY: Oh, stop imitating Ronald Colman.

JACK: *All right all right*
~~Well, you can't do it, if you want to, but I~~
~~excuse me~~
~~want to go in the den and talk to Don for a minute.~~
Now, wait for me, Mary..I want to go in the den and talk to Don for a minute.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..KEY IN LOCK..DOOR OPENS..
CLOSES)

JACK: Well, have you signed the contract yet, Don?

DON: (DIGUSTED) No, Jack...not yet.

JACK: Well, I'll go out again and let you think about it some more.

DON: *No* I can't think...I've been *locked in* here since early morning...I haven't eaten for hours...I'm starved.

JACK: Hungry? Well look, Don, all you have to do is sign the contract and ~~you can~~ go out for lunch and get a nice thick steak.

DON: (EAGERLY)...A...steak?

JACK: Yes...a thick juicy sirloin..covered with mushrooms--

DON: Jack, please--

JACK: And on the side, a big baked Idaho potato dripping with butter --

DON: Please, Jack---

ATK01 0312038

JACK: And nestling all around ~~that~~ lovely steak will be golden brown french fried onions-- and for dessert *for dessert* you can have pie ala mode covered with whipped cream and--

DON: (SCREAMING) STOP IT, STOP IT, STOP IT!!!

JACK: Well, look Don, I'll leave you here in the den to think it over...I'll be back soon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..CLOSES..KEY IN DOOR..

FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: () WHAT ABOUT IT, BOSS..HAS HE SIGNED YET?

JACK: Not yet.

ROCH: HE'S SURE TOUGH THIS TIME.

JACK: Yeah...look Rochester, go in the kitchen, put some coffee on, start frying some bacon, and blow the fumes ~~through the~~ *toward the den.*

ROCH: OH BOSS, YOU RASCAL YOU.

JACK: Never mind..just go do it..And make a hamburger for me..I wanta eat it in front of him.

MARY: Jack, what are you up to know?

JACK: Nothing, nothing...Say Mary, I'm going to have to do something about a commercial for the show..Don didn't bring the Sportsmen over.

MARY: *OK* Yes he did, Jack..they're out at the pool.

JACK: *The pool? Swimming?*

MARY: No, ice skating.

JACK: They are? Oh yes, my pool is still frozen..I'll go out and talk to them.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

SHUT..COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT..ICE

SKATING SOUNDS)

JACK: Gee, just look at them skating...HEY FELLOWS,,FELLOWS

ATX01 0312039

(SHORT INTRO TO "SKATER'S WALTZ")

QUART: IA IA IA IA

IA IA IA IA

IA IA IA IA IA

IA IA IA *la*

LS, LS, LS,

LS, LS, LS, ~~LS, LS, LS,~~

MFT, MFT

LS, LS, LS, LS, ~~LS, LS, LS,~~

MFT, MFT

LIGHT A LUCKY, LIGHT A LUCKY LIGHT A LUCKY

Then you'll see - then you'll see
~~LOTT ON 11, LOTT ON 10.~~

BILL: *you will* FEEL YOUR LEVEL LEVEL LEVEL LEVEL LEVEL BEST.

QUART: HMM HMM HMM

LS, LS, LS, LS, LS, ~~LS,~~

MFT, ~~LOTT~~ *puff on me*

WHEN YOU WANT RELAXIN'

SMOKE A LUCKY, JACKSON

YOU'LL AGREE, YOU'LL AGREE

ISN'T IT SCANDALOUS

SNOW IN LOS ANGELES

BUT EVERYBODY KNOWS

THAT IT NEVER SNOWS

NOT HERE.

WHETHER IT'S SNOWING

OR COLD WINDS ARE BLOWING

YOU'LL STILL BE ON A LUCKY LEVEL

WHEN YOU SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312040

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *By that* THAT WAS A WONDERFUL NUMBER, BOYS...AND IT'LL BE ---Oh-oh..
the sun's coming out and the ice is starting to --

(SOUND: CRACKING OF ICE.. LOUD SPLASH)

JACK: There goes the tenor....Oh well, I'll fish him out later.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

~~JACK: Gee, California is a wonderful place, where of course you
have no snow in the morning, and no snow in the afternoon,
and no snow at night...~~

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)

JACK: Say Mary, would you -- Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny... I just got back in town a few minutes
ago.

MARY: Yes Jack.. Dennis was *just* telling me that he was up at Big Bear
for the winter sports.

JACK: Oh, that's nice.

DENNIS: Yeah, I went up there with my mother and father.. At first
my father didn't want to go but my mother made him.

MARY: *Why* I thought your mother and father were mad at each other...
Why would she make him go?

DENNIS: She heard the snow up there was six feet deep, and my
father's only five feet four.

~~JACK: Dennis, you mean --~~

~~DENNIS: Oh-huh... No, I mean to say...~~

~~JACK: What are you talking about? How come I didn't read
anything about your father's passing in the paper?~~

~~DENNIS: He's a public figure.~~

Jack: Oh my goodness. *That happened to your father?*
Dennis: *Nothing, he was wearing elevated shoes.*

AFX01 0312041

JACK: Now, ^{Dennis} stop making up those crazy things.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: ^{Sally kid}
MARY: Say, Dennis, while you were up in the snow, did you do any tobogganing?

DENNIS: Yeah, I went down the toboggan slide four times, and it was awful...What people see in that ride I'll never know.

MARY: Why, what happened?

DENNIS: I got my face all cut up and my knees scraped, too.

JACK: Well, Dennis, maybe you didn't know how to steer your sled.

DENNIS: OOH.. SLED.

JACK: Dennis...Dennis... ^{you meant -} You mean you went down the toboggan slide.. without a sled.. on your stomach?

DENNIS: Yeah, the other side hurt from ice-skating.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.. Now look, kid, what did you come over here for anyway?

DENNIS: To tell you the song I picked for Sunday's show.. It's "Here I'll Stay".. ^{and} I'm going to sing it at Barbara Stanwyck's party, ^{on} Saturday night, too.

MARY: Oh, are you going to entertain at Barbara's party, Dennis?

DENNIS: ^{OK} No, I'm just a guest.. the real entertainer will be Jascha Heifitz....

RTX01 0312042

JACK: Jascha Heifitz... a lot of help he'll be at the party.
I'll bet he hasn't even got a drivers license.

DENNIS: Will I see you at the party, Mr. Benny?

MARY: You sure will, kid, he'll be wearing white coat, top hat,
and flash light.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~ Yeah.

DENNIS: Gee, this is amazing.. for once I don't understand them.

JACK: Never mind, Dennis... just let me hear your song.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

MARY: Oh, just a second, Dennis.. What time is it, Jack?

JACK: It's ten to three Mary, why?

MARY: *Why* I've got an appointment at my dentist's office to have my
teeth cleaned and I don't want to be late.

JACK: You go to a dentist just to have your teeth cleaned..
why don't you do what I do?

MARY: *Well* I tried it, Jack, but I can't stand the taste of ~~toothpaste~~. *Sail-off*

JACK: ~~Maybe it tastes bad, but it hasn't caught yet..~~ Go *Mary*
ahead and sing, *will you* kid.

DENNIS: Okay.

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "HERE I'LL STAY")

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312043

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Dennis* Dennis, that was a wonderful song, but when you do it on the program, you oughta sing the verse a little faster so that you can retard the second chorus---

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

and then the orchestra can come to a crescendo when---

MARY: He left Jack.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: And I think I better go too... I don't want to be late for my dental appointment.

JACK: All right...say look, Mary... I've got nothing to do till dinner..would you like me to drive you over?

MARY: *Oh* Sure, my appointment won't take long.

JACK: Good then, maybe we can take in a movie, too...

MARY: But Jack, what about Don Wilson and his contract.

JACK: Oh yes.. OH ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: Here's the key ~~to the door~~. When Mr. Wilson starts screaming for food.. throw him a fountain pen.. Come on, Mary, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN HALL)

JACK: Mary, which office is your dentist in?

MARY: *Oh* He's way down at the end of the hall.

JACK: Oh...Say Mary.. look at those signs *in the office* on the office doors..
"Dr. Larson.... Gone to the inauguration"..(FOOTSTEPS)..
"Dr. Williamson.. Gone to the inauguration"...(FOOTSTEPS)
"Dr. Leroy.. Gone to the inauguration"...(FOOTSTEPS)
Say, Mary.. maybe your doctor won't be in.

ATX01 0312044

MARY: *OK* Yes he will, he's a Republican.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: There's my dentist's office right across the hall.

JACK: Say Mary, as long as I'm here, I think I'll have the dentist look at my teeth, too... I haven't had them checked in a long time.

MARY: *OK* That's a good idea.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

BEA: May I help you people?

MARY: Yes nurse, I have an appointment with Dr. Leland.. I'm Mary Livingstone.

BEA: *OK* You're just in time.. Go right in the first office on your left.

MARY: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.. DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Miss, while I'm here, I wanta find out about my teeth.

BEA: Yes sir, when did you leave them?

JACK: No no, I'd like Dr. Leland to examine them.

BEA: Well, Dr. Leland has no appointments open.. However, Dr. Nelson has a cancellation.. I'm sure he can take you.

JACK: Good good.

BEA: I'll have to get some information first.. Your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

ATX01 0312045

BEA: Occupation?
JACK: Violinist.
BEA: Really? Concert or stage? *In on - In on In on*
JACK: Parking lots.. I mean radio.. radio.
BEA: Your age, please?
JACK: Well.. how old would you guess me to be?
BEA: Twenty-eight.
JACK: Well, I'm *really* a little older than that.. Guess again.
BEA: Fifty-four.
JACK: For your information, I happen to be thirty-nine.
BEA: Oh.. Well, Mr. Benny, the doctor's office is through the door over there. You may go right in.
JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS.. FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, Doctor.. Doctor.
NELSON: HOW DO YOU DO.
JACK: *Look* Hmm... Look Doctor, I --
NELSON: Don't tell me.. you have a tooth-ache.
JACK: No no.. I only want you to --
NELSON: Just sit down and leave the rest to me.
JACK: But Doctor, all I want is -- Doctor, why are you strapping me in the chair?
NELSON: The last time I pulled a tooth, ~~I didn't know any more~~ *he* I yanked too hard and threw the patient out the window.
JACK: Oh my goodness, did ~~the~~ *his* tooth come out?
NELSON: All of them, he hit a fireplug.

ATX01 0312046

JACK: Now look, Doctor, I don't need an extraction.. all I want you to do is examine my teeth.

NELSON: Very well, very well.. open your mouth, please.

JACK: Aaaaaah.

NELSON: Wider.

JACK: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

NELSON: Wider so I can look *all the* way back.

JACK: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH.

NELSON: (ECHO MIKE) Well! I can see everything now.

JACK: (MUFFLED) Doctor..Doctor.. do you have to --

NELSON: (ECHO) Stop talking, you're biting my ankles.. (REGULAR MIKE) .. I hope you'll forgive me, but I like to make a complete examination.

JACK: Oh.. well, are my teeth bad?

NELSON: No, but you better do something about that appendix.

JACK: Appendix?

NELSON: Now, just hold still and I'll complete the examination..

(SOUND: INTEROFFICE BUZZER)

NELSON: Excuse me.

(SOUND: CLICK)

ATX01 0312047

NELSON: Yes?

BEA: (FILTER) Oh, Doctor. Don Ameche just called and he wants to know if you can clean his teeth this afternoon.

NELSON: Does it have to be done this afternoon?

BEA: Yes...tonight he's going to a masquerade and he wants to go as a lighthouse.

NELSON: Well, all right...tell Mr. Ameche to come in this afternoon and lay out my dark glasses.

BEA: Yes sir.

NELSON: *oh* And by the way nurse, send in my technician, I have to make an X-ray.

BEA: Yes, Doctor.

(SOUND: CLICK)

NELSON: Now before my ~~technician~~ technician comes in, I just wanta make one final check ... open your mouth.

JACK: Aaaaah...Doctor...Doctor, why are you spinning my pivot tooth?

NELSON: I used to be a disc jockey.

JACK: A disc jockey?

NELSON: And now I'd like to pull this next tooth for Sam, George, Milt, Tack, and all the boys at Hickey's Bar and Happy Birthday to ~~Sam Ho.~~ *Janette.*

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT...*look at* I JUST CAME HER FOR AN ~~examination.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (GOOFY VOICE) You sent for me, Doctor?

NELSON: Yes, I have a patient here who requires an X-ray.

ATX01 0312048

MEL: *Oh* Very well.....you operate the camera and I'll swing the chair around so you'll get a good picture.

JACK: Wait a minute...this X-ray man of yours...does he take good pictures?

NELSON: Ooooooh, does he? ... He's made several dental pictures...perhaps you've seen them..they played all the neighborhood theatres.

JACK: Dental pictures?

NELSON: Yes *X* "Mother Wore Braces" .. "Sorry, Wrong Molar" ..and that latest one with Jane Wyman.. "Johnny Bicuspid."

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes...Now look, Doctor...I haven't got all day. If your man is gonna take this X-ray, let him take it.

NELSON: *Well* I'm going to take the picture. He's going to direct it.

JACK: What?

MEL: *Now* Tilt your head back, Mr. Benny...and on cue, open your mouth, raise your tongue, press it over toward your right cheek, smile and then ---

JACK: *Now* What's going on here?

MEL: LIGHTS..CAMERA..ROLL 'EM.

JACK: Doctor --

NELSON: Don't move, we're trying for an Academy Award.

JACK: Look, all I wanted was a simple examination, *that's all I want*

MEL: I have the picture, Doctor...I'll have it developed in a minute.

NELSON: Good..Mr. Benny, while we're waiting, just sit back and relax.

ATX01 0312049

JACK: Thank goodness.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Now, Doctor?

NELSON: Yes..now.

BEA: (SINGS WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT)

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES...

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN JACK: Wait a minute, what is this anyway. what's this for?

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN ... Wait a minute.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN ... Wait a minute.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN ... WAIT A MINUTE!

JACK: Doctor...what is this?

NELSON: Our floor-show..we can't afford magazines. _____

JACK: Well, ^{look -} make her keep quiet.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Here are the results of the X-ray, Doctor.

NELSON: Let me see...Ah yes..a wonderful picture...Too bad he wasn't bleeding, we coulda got it in technicolor.

JACK: Doctor, what does it show?

NELSON: Just a moment..Just a moment...Hm..according to this X-ray, you have an abscess.

JACK: An abscess?

NELSON: Yes...it's sort of a pocket.

JACK: Gee.

NELSON: It's nothing to be alarmed about...Finding a little pocket under a tooth is very common..although yours is unusual.

JACK: Why?

NELSON: It has money in it.

JACK: Look Doctor -- if you think I'm going to stay in this chair and ---

NELSON: Now now..settle down..it'll only take a minute...
Nurse..Grab the patient by the hair and hold his head back.

BEA: Yes, Doctor....Whoops!

NELSON: Well..then grab him by the ears.

JACK: Doctor, I only came in here for ~~an~~ *examination* -
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Oh, Doctor...Doctor...I wanta have a word with you.

NELSON: Excuse me, it's my technician.

MEL: (WHISPERS A FEW WORDS)

NELSON: (WHISPERS A FEW WORDS) ..Really? ... Are you sure?

MEL: Yes.

NELSON: ^{Oh} Then you better help me..Nurse, ..hand me my forceps.

BEA: Forceps.

MEL: Novocain.

BEA: Novocain.

NELSON: Needle.

BEA: Needle.

MEL: Swabs.

BEA: Swabs.

NELSON: Burrs.

BEA: Burrs.

MEL: Straight chisel.

BEA: Straight chisel.

ATX01 0312051

NELSON: Saliva ejector.
BEA: Saliva ejector.
MEL: Drill.
BEA: Drill.
NELSON: Coat.
BEA: Coat.
MEL: Hat.
BEA: Hat.
NELSON: Umbrella.
BEA: Umbrella.
JACK: DOCTOR...DOCTOR...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NELSON: OUR LEASE IS UP. WE'RE MOVING.
JACK: WHAT?..
NELSON: COME ON, NURSE.
(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)
JACK: DOCTOR...DOCTOR...LET ME OUT OF THIS CHAIR...
DOCTOR NELSON!
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312052

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen..an extra million dollars is needed to fight polio this year. The funds of the Foundation were drained last year in taking care of an especially severe epidemic of Infantile Paralysis. We've got to replace those funds right now...so won't you please give something extra this year to the March of Dimes...Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'll be back in just a moment, but first --

ATX01 0312053

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 23, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: You see, Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're
low ... calms you down when you're tense.

SHARBUTT: It's good to know that fine tobacco can do this for you.
And that's why it's so important that you select and smoke
the cigarette of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike! For as
every smoker knows -

MARTIN: IS - MFT
IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Remember, more ...
independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen -- smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next
two leading brands combined!

MARTIN: So when you choose your cigarette, remember that Luckies'
fine tobacco puts you on the right level -- the Lucky
level -- where you feel your best -- and do your best.

SONG: (MUSICAL INTRODUCTION)
Feeling low? Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense ...
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (BUTTON)

ATK01 0312054

(TAG)

MARY: Ladies and gentlemen... ~~this annual for us tonight this~~
~~moment~~, but with Don Wilson locked in Jack's
den and Jack ^{tied} ~~strapped~~ in the dentist chair, it's up
to me to say, "^{Don't forget to} ~~please~~ listen in to the C.B.S. Sunday
line-up...which includes the Prudential Hour, Spike
Jones, Jack Benny, Amos 'n' Andy, Lum and Abner, and
Sam Spade."

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER...DOOR OPENS) *in a -*

JACK: Rochester, what a time I had..I spent the afternoon in
a dentist's chair.

ROCH: WELL, WE'VE BEEN HAVING A LITTLE EXCITEMENT HERE, TOO.

JACK: Oh..has Don Wilson signed the contract yet?

ROCH: NO, BUT HE ATE FOUR ~~SEVEN~~ PENS.

JACK: Oh..well, I'm going up and go to bed.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Goodnight, Don.

Don
DON: Be sure to listen to the Don Ameche show -- Your Lucky
Strike..^{don't forget to} ~~on Sunday~~ hear Dennis Day in "A Day in
the Life of Dennis Day" ^(Dennis).....This is C.B.S., the
Columbia Broadcasting System.

ATX01 0312055

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

AS BROADCAST

DATE January 30, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

RA-925

ATX01 0312056

SCRIPT #18
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, January 30, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATK01 0312057

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 30, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?
Feeling tense?

These eight words are common sense:

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you
light up a Lucky ... because Luckies' fine tobacco picks
you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're
tense ... puts you on the right level to feel and do your
level best.

SHARBUTT: It's important to know that fine tobacco can do this for
you. And,

MARTIN: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.... smooth, mild,
thoroughly enjoyable tobacco.

MARTIN: So next time you buy cigarettes, remember -- Luckies' fine
tobacco picks you up when you're low... calms you down
when you're tense ... puts you on the Lucky level -- where
you feel your best ... and do your best. Yes...

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

ATX01 0312058

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DENNIS: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY
LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DON WILSON, AND "YOURS
TRULY" DENNIS DAY.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DENNIS: I HAVE TO OPEN THE PROGRAM THIS WEEK BECAUSE LAST WEEK MR.
BENNY LOCKED DON WILSON IN THE DEN AND WON'T LET HIM OUT TILL
HE SIGNS HIS NEW CONTRACT....SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S
HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE---WAIT A MINUTE..WHO'S THAT
COMING UP THE WALK?...GEE, IT'S ME!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR BUZZER ..PAUSE..DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MR. DAY..COME ON IN.

DENNIS: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: Say Rochester, is Don Wilson still locked in the den?

ROCH: YEAH, AND MR. BENNY WON'T LET HIM OUT TILL HE SIGNS THE
CONTRACT.

DENNIS: Gee, I'll never forget the time I wouldn't sign my contract
and he locked me in a room for almost two years.

ROCH: HE DID?

DENNIS: Yeah..then he went around telling everybody I was in the
Navy.

ROCH: CH...WELL HOW DID YOU FINALLY ESCAPE FROM THE ROOM?...WHO GOT
YOU OUT?

DENNIS: MacArthur.

ATK01 0312059

ROCH: WELL...I'LL TELL MR. BENNY YOU'RE HERE....HE'S IN THE DEN
TALKING TO MR. WILSON.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...KNOCK ON DOOR...AND OPENS)

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: DENNIS DAY IS HERE.

JACK: Tell him to wait...I'll be out in a minute.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ^{look Don} Now Don, we've gone over this contract ten times a day for
a whole week...and ^{still} ~~yes~~ you won't sign it..Now what is it
you want?

DON: (DYING OF THIRST) Water..Water..Give me a glass of water...
I'm so thirsty.

JACK: Then why are you ~~so~~ stubborn? All you have to do is sign
the contract...But no, you just stand there with your back
to me..Now Don, turn around..I want you to face me..

DON: Sure...You know that when I look into your big blue eyes,
I'm like putty in your hands.

JACK: Now that's ridiculous, Don..what would I do with two hundred
and ninety pounds of putty?...For heaven's sakes.

DON: But Jack, I don't weight two hundred and ninety pounds
anymore. You've starved me for a week.

JACK: Say, Don, you do look as though you lost weight..Why don't
you weigh yourself?

DON: I can't, I put my last penny in your peanut machine.

JACK: Oh.

DON: That salt is murder...water, water, WATER!

ATX01 0312060

JACK: You'll get it as soon as you sign the contract ... I'll see you later.

DON: But Jack, I haven't been on the program for two weeks. What ~~are~~ ^{are} you ~~gonna~~ ^{gonna} tell the sponsor?

JACK: I've already told him, Don, and he's very happy. He thinks you're picking tobacco in Kentucky. ✓

DON: Did he believe it?

JACK: He must have, he sent you an old straw hat ... See you later, Don. *die*

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS..DOOR LOCKS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: What a stubborn guy...Oh well....(SINGS) Feeling low.. feeling tense.. These eight words are common sense... SMOKE A LUCKY .. to feel your level best... SMOKE A -- Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye? What do you mean, goodbye?

DENNIS: When you came in singing, I thought I was out of a job.

JACK: Now that's silly, Dennis..you and I work so well together.. Why, I wouldn't have such a ^{good} ~~great~~ program without you.

~~DENNIS: I think you're wrong, Mr. Don.~~

~~JACK: or that's funny~~
DENNIS: I have a ~~great~~ ^{wonderful} program without you.

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right. (SOUND: DOOR OPENS).. And you know, Dennis --

ROCH: OH BOSS,.BOSS

JACK: What is it Rochester?

ROCH: IT'S POLLY AGAIN..HER COLD SEEMS TO BE GETTING WORSE.

ATK01 0312061

JACK: Oh, my poor parrot, Rochester, didn't you do anything for her?

ROCH: YEAH...ALL MORNING I'VE BEEN GIVING HER FOUR-WAY COLD TABLETS.

JACK: What happened?

ROCH: SHE LAID A SQUARE EGG.

JACK: How could she do that?

ROCH: IT WASN'T EASY.

JACK: Well, let's go in and take a look at her.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Polly.

MEL: POLLY GODDA CODE..POLLY GODDA CODE...(WHISTLE & SNEEZE)

JACK: Poor Polly...Polly wanta cracker?

MEL: POLLY WANNA DIE...(SNEEZES)

JACK: Gezunt.

DENNIS: Gezunt?

JACK: ^{yes} We don't mention Heidt in this house. Gee, ^{poor} Polly has such a bad cold

MEL: (SNEEZES...BLOWS NOSE)

JACK: Polly, not with my tie!Rochester..I think I'll rub some camphorated oil on her chest.

ROCH: IF YOU WANTA DO THAT, BOSS, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF HER MUSTARD PLASTER FIRST.

JACK: Oh yes..come here, Polly..Daddy wants to take that mustard plaster off your chest...Hold still.

MEL: (WHIMPERS)

JACK: Hold still.

ATX01 0312062

MEL: (WHIMPERS)

JACK: ^{now} Don't be nervous.

(SOUND: LOUD PULLING OFF OF PLASTER)

MEL: (HUGE LOUD SCREAMS..SQUAWKS..ENDING WITH A SNEEZE)

JACK: Oh, Polly, ^{now Polly} stop carrying on..Daddy didn't hurt you.

DENNIS: I think you did, Mr. Benny..Look at all those feathers stuck to the mustard plaster.

JACK: Oh yes .. ~~(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)~~ I'm sorry, Polly, ~~when I pulled off the~~
~~mustard plaster,~~ I didn't know ^{your} ~~the~~ feathers ^{would} ~~were going~~
to stick to it.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester. *Feeling low... feeling tense*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello Mary..come on in.

MARY: ^{Oh} I'm sorry, Jack, are you getting dressed to go out?

JACK: No, why?

MARY: You've got your toupay in your hand.

JACK: That's a mustard plaster..Polly's feathers are stuck on it.

MARY: Well, it looks better than ^{the} ~~the~~ thing you wore last night.

JACK: Last night?

MARY: What a toupay..the part went from ear to ear.

JACK: Mary, it just happened that someone yelled, "Hey, Jack!"
and I turned my head too fast...^{now} Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

MARY: Say, Jack, ^{Jack: what?} I just talked to my sister Babe over the phone,
and she feels awful. She's heartbroken.

JACK: ~~What?~~ *Your sister Babe? Why?*

ATX01 0312063

MARY: Tyrone Power got married.

JACK: Well, what's she heartbroken about? Your sister Babe doesn't even know Tyrone Power.

MARY: Oh That's why she's so upset..For two years she's been writing him love letters signed "Linda Christian" and look what happened.

JACK: Well, your sister oughta get wise to herself..I remember the time she wrote a letter to Artie Shaw and it wasn't even her turn yet....What a girl.

MARY: Well Jack, you can't blame Babe..After all, she's not getting any younger and she'd like to get married.

JACK: I know but --

MARY: And she's really trying..she's been going to a beauty parlor every day for the past month.

JACK: Well, is it doing any good?

MARY: I don't think so..(LAUGHINGLY) Yesterday when she was out in the snow, a plane flew over and dropped her a bale of hay.

JACK: Good old Babe, I knew she could get it.....Say Mary, let's go into the library. I wanta see how Polly's getting along.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

JACK: Dennis, where's Polly?

DENNIS: She's up on the chandelier.

JACK: What?

MEL: (SQUAWKS) MY SON, MY SON

ATX01 0312064

JACK: Oh, for -- POLLY GET OFF THERE..THAT'S A LIGHT BULB.....*

Now Come down to Daddy...and stop flying around..what you need
is rest...~~just rest~~, get back in your cage and go to sleep.

DENNIS: *So* You want me to sing to her, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Sing to her?

DENNIS: *yeah I just recorded a lullaby for RCA Victor and I thought*
~~I have to let you hear the song I'm going to do on the~~
you and Polly might like to hear it.
~~program anyway.~~

JACK: Oh yes *yes* Well, go ahead, kid, go ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "TARRA TAIARA")

(APPLAUSE)

insert:
Imagine trying to hold a light bulb. Polly didn't
your mother ever tell you about the people & the
bees?

ATK01 0312065

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-8-

JACK: ^{Polly} Polly, stop applauding and go back to sleep.... Dennis,
that was a wonderful song, and you sang it beautifully.

DENNIS: Oh, stop repeating yourself.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: You said the same thing to Kenny Baker twelve years ago.

JACK: Well, look, if you don't want me to compliment you
anymore, ^{only} just --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Mary, answer ^{the phone} ~~that~~, will you?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello...Mr. Benny's residence...Mary, the upstairs maid
speaking.

JACK: Mary.

MARY: Who's calling, please?

PHIL: H'ya Livvy, you one ^{little} warm spot that's left in California.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Oh, hello Phill...When did you get back
from Washington?

PHIL: Holy smoke, is that where I was?

MARY: ~~Of course that's where you were.~~ ^{Phil, you know where you were}

PHIL: ~~I know, I know.~~ ^{yeah - hey -} Let me talk to Jeanie with the light
green money.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Jack, it's Phil...he wants to talk to you.

JACK: Oh...Hello, Phil...,when did you get back?

PHIL: I blew into town Friday.

JACK: What train?

ATX01 0312066

PHIL: No train, just blew.

JACK: It hasn't been that windy...Say Phil, ^{Phil} how did you enjoy yourself at the Inaugural Ball?

PHIL: ^{Oh} I had a wonderful time. ~~say~~ say, Jackson, did you see the picture in the paper of Alice with President Truman?

JACK: Yes yes, I did..Why didn't the President pose with you?

PHIL: Ah'm from the South, Son.

JACK: No!

PHIL: Yeah...but ^{by the} ~~that~~ Inaugural Ball was great, Jackson...^{you know,} It's amazing how them dignified senators and congressmen let themselves go at a dance...They do the latest steps...I even saw Senator Pepper doing the rhumba.

JACK: The rhumba?

PHIL: Yeah...You know that Pepper ain't a bad shaker...HA HA HA HA...OH HARRIS, YOUR WIT IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY YOUR NATURAL BEAUTY.

JACK: Beauty?...Phil...Phil....Buttons and Booze! What ^{else, what} else did you do on the trip?

PHIL: ^{It was nice!} Didn't you hear me? I was on Fred Allen's program.

JACK: No, I --- Wait a minute, Phil...you... you were on Fred Allen's program?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Well...you and Fred should make a wonderful combination... Ham Hocks and Vinegar Puss...Brother, what a dull time you must have had.

ATX01 0312067

PHIL: *all right* *calm down wait a minute*
Now hold on, Jackson...~~hold it~~, Dad... That Allen's a
pretty clever comedian....He gets big laughs.

JACK: Well, it's easy to get laughs if you do what he does...
He tells a joke, lifts up the bag under his right
eye, and ~~there's~~ *there's* a life-sized picture of Milton Berle
there...Look, Phil...outside of appearing with radio's
only sponsored post-nasal drip...how did you enjoy New
York?

PHIL: Oh, it was exciting...and Jackson...you should have seen
Manhattan, it's amazing.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: They got snow just like here.

JACK: I know, Phil, I know...we ship our big flakes east...
~~each~~ *each* - each one is stamped "Sunkist" *on there*....Incidentally, Phil,
my picture opened in New York yesterday..Did you see
the ads for it? It's called "The Lucky Stiff"....It's
a comedy-mystery.

PHIL: The Lucky Stiff? Are you in it?

JACK: *no*, No, it stars Dorothy Lamour, Brian Donlvey, and
Claire Trevor...I happen to be the producer...I'm the
one who put up the money.

PHIL: You put up the what?

JACK: The money...Now Phil.....Phil.....Phil!

MEL: (MOOLEY) ~~I'm sorry, Mister, your friend is dead.~~ *Hello.*

JACK: Who are you?

MEL: I'm the bartender in this joint, *your friend faints.*

JACK: Oh...that's a shame.

ATX01 0312068

MEL: If you like, I'll talk to you until the nickel is used up.

JACK: Never mind...he called me...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Say, Mary, ^{Mary} I've gotta go to a meeting pretty soon, ^{a very important meeting} ~~as~~

^{why} why don't you ---

(SOUND: LOUD POUNDING AND RATTLING OF DOOR)

JACK: Oh-oh, I guess Don Wilson wants me.

MARY: Jack, for heaven's sakes...have you still got Don locked in the den?

JACK: Mary, it's his own fault...all he has to do is sign the contract and he's a free man...Now isn't that simple?

MARY: Yes, Warden.

JACK: Never mind.

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny, why don't you let him out?

JACK: I'm not gonna let him out till he signs the contract... and that reminds me, Dennis.

DENNIS: What?

JACK: In a couple of weeks you come up for a new contract.

DENNIS: (SINGS) ANCHORS AWEIGH, MY BOYS, ANCHORS AWEIGH.

JACK: Dennis.. *College boys we said at break of day.*

DENNIS: FAREWELL TO ~~ALL MY FRIENDS, IN THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE.~~

JACK: ^{Dennis!} Dennis, that's enough, and don't be funny.

ATX01 0312069

Jack: It's a bit of a hurry?
-12-

DENNIS: Well, I've gotta run along now...I've gotta go to Wilshire Boulevard and get on a bus and ride a block... and then ^{get} on another bus and ride a block...and then ^{get} on another bus and ride a block...and then ^{get} on another bus and ~~ride a block...and then get on another~~

~~ride a block...and then get on another~~

get on all those buses.

JACK: Wait a minute...why do you have to ~~wait~~?

DENNIS: *Well yesterday* I left my hat on one of them ~~yesterday~~.

JACK: Oh...well Bon Voyage!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What a kid...Say Mary, I've gotta go to the meeting now.

MARY: Okay, I'll walk as far as the corner with you.

JACK: OH ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES BOSS.

JACK: I'm going to my meeting now...and I may not be home for dinner.

ROCH: WELL BOSS, ^{to be} AS LONG AS YOU'RE GOING OUT, CAN I HAVE THE NIGHT OFF?

JACK: But Rochester, who's gonna stay with Polly?

ROCH: POLLY, SCHMOLLY, I'VE GOTTA DATE!

JACK: Oh, ^{a new girl} a ~~date~~, eh?

ROCH: YEAH, AND SAY BOSS, COULD YOU ADVANCE ME...SAY ABOUT... FIFTY DOLLARS?

JACK: Fifty dollars! Who do you think I am, Rockefeller or Vanderbilt?

ROCH: NO, BUT SHE THINKS I'M AMOS OR ANDY.

ATX01 0312070

JACK: Well, here's five bucks, and tell her you're the Kingfish..... Come on, Mary...let's go.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES....FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS...

THEN ON CEMENT AND SUSTAIN)

JACK: *Gee* You know, *Mary-the-gee---* the weather is getting warmer *out*.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: (SINGS) Feeling low...feeling tense..These eight words are common sense.

MARY: Smoke a Lucky.

JACK: To feel your level best...Gee, that *that* song is catching on fast, *isn't it*.

MARY: It just came out and I heard it on the Hit Parade already.

JACK: I know....Frankie sends me...You know, Mary, sometimes I ---

MARY: Say Jack, look who's coming down the street.

JACK: Where?.....Oh yes.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: *Say Mr. Kitzel* Hello, Mr. Kitzel...Tell me, are you ---

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK:Gee, he didn't stop.

MARY: I guess he didn't have anything funny to say this week.

JACK: Could be.

(SOUND FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Well, I better leave you here on the corner, Mary... I'm afraid I'm late for my meeting.

ATK01 0312071

MARY: Oh, that's all right, Jack...I'm in a hurry myself...
I've got to rush over to the May Company.

JACK: Oh...~~anything, anything~~ clearance sale?

MARY: No, class reunion.

JACK: Class reunion?

MARY: Uh huh...Look at my badge..."Mary Livingstone, Class
of 33...Stockings Coom Laudy".

JACK: Oh...well enjoy yourself, Mary. (SOUND: BUS FADING IN
PAST) ... and if you have time, come over tomorrow
and ^{then} we'll ----

MARY: JACK, LOOK OUT, THAT BUS IS PULLING UP TO THE CURB.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: BUS STOPS....BUS DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello Dennis...By the way, I meant to ---

DENNIS: I haven't got time now, I've gotta catch another bus.

JACK: Well, I hope you find your hat...See you tomorrow, Mary.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: GAVEL RAPS THREE TIMES)

ATK01 0312072

JERRY: The weekly meeting of the Beverly Hills Beavers is now in session.

GILBERT: Just a second, Mr. President.. you can't call the meeting, one of our members isn't here yet.

JERRY: Which one?

GILBERT: Mr. Benny.

JOHNNY: He'll be here soon, Mr. President..when I came in I saw him standing on the corner..He was talking to a girl.

JERRY: A girl.. what's her name?

JOHNNY: I don't know..but (TWO TONED OOMPH WHISTLE)

JERRY: Joey, stop that..remember, you're only nine.

JEFF: Mr. President, I make a motion that Mr. Benny be fined for being late to the meeting...After all, what's more important, meetings or girls?

JERRY: Well, Butch, when you're our age, meetings are more important.. Then when you get a little older, girls are more important.

JOHNNY: And when you're Mr. Benny's age, ^{again,} it's back to ^{the} meetings ~~again.~~

JERRY: Joey, stop talking unless you get the floor.

JOHNNY: I'm sorry, Stevie.

JERRY: Mr. President to you.

JEFF: Well, how about it, Mr. President? Let's fine Mr. Benny.

GILBERT: Butch, you can't punish a man like Mr. Benny by fining him. Money means nothing to him.

ATX01 0312073

JEFF: It doesn't?

GILBERT: No.

JEFF: You're new in this neighborhood, ain't you, Bub?

GILBERT: Yes, but I still think Mr. Benny is one of the most generous men I've ever ~~met~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *Oh, I'm* sorry I'm late.

KIDS: Oh, hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Fellow Beavers. *you know - -* A funny thing happened to me on the way to the meeting.. A panhandler stopped me and asked me for a bite..

JEFF: So you bit him, now let's get on with the meeting.

JACK: Oh, did I *did I* tell you that one before?

GILBERT: Every week.

JACK: *Oh,* Oh, I'm sorry.

JERRY: Now that we're all here, let's get on with the business of the day.

(SOUND: RAPS GAVEL THREE TIMES)

JERRY: The purpose of our meeting today is to elect a treasurer for our club.. We have two worthy candidates, and we shall now hear the first of them speak.. Go ahead, Joey.

ATX01 0312074

JOHNNY: (CLEARS THROAT) Mr. President, and fellow Beavers... I think I am worthy of being the treasurer of this club because I have been a member of the club for three years ... I'm a hard worker, and I've never been elected to nothin' ... If I am elected treasurer of the Beavers, the money will be safe with me because I'm only nine years old and I don't go out with dames... And another reason the money will be safe is because I don't like expensive things like ice cream sodas or chocolate bars.. I'm a jelly bean man myself.. and you all know that Jelly Beans are ~~ten~~ ten for a penny.. I thank you.

KIDS: Hear! Hear!

JERRY: That's a very good speech, Joey.. and now we will hear from the member who is running for re-election.

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT) Mr. President and fellow Beavers...I have been your treasurer for a year now and have served you faithfully and well.. I have invested your money wisely in an effort to curb inflation and bring down the high cost of Jelly Beans.. These past few months I've been working on a big deal in your behalf which I've finally consummated... and now, it is my pleasure to tell you that the Beverly Hills Beavers own ten percent of the Coca Cola Machine in the C.B.S. lobby...(CLEARS THROAT)

JOHNNY: Mr. President..I should like to ask my worthy opponent to give us a financial statement of the past year.

ATX01 0312075

JACK: I'll be glad to .. I have it right here in this notebook .. (CLEARS THROAT) .. "Treasurer's report of the Beavers.. Dues collected in past year, \$15.60.. Fines collected, 30 cents.. Grand total fifteen dollars and eighty cents.

JEFF: That's ninety cents.

JACK: Oh yes yes..Now, if it pleases our honorable secretary, I wish he would read the list of expenditures.

JEFF: Yes sir..(CLEARS THROAT) .. "Expenditures for 1948...Ten cents for comic book when Joey Clark was sick...Ten cents for comic book when Stevie Kent was sick...Three dollars for plasma when Jackie Benny was sick."

~~JACK: Thank you, Mr. Secretary, and now I would like to have one of the members of the committee read the list of expenditures. I am happy to announce that the election of the officers of the club has been completed. I am sure that the members of the club will be very wise in their choice of officers when you approve it.~~

~~CHILDREN: I am sure that the members of the club will be very wise in their choice of officers when you approve it.~~

~~JACK: Thank you.~~

~~CHILDREN: I am sure that the members of the club will be very wise in their choice of officers when you approve it.~~

~~JACK: Thank you, Mr. Secretary.~~

JERRY: Well, if there's no further discussion, we'll hold the election right now...All those in favor of Joey for Treasurer raise their hands...Now let's see..there's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven...Now, all those voting for Mr. Benny for Treasurer raise their hands..One, two, three...Mr. Benny, you're only supposed to raise one hand.

ATX01 0312076

JACK: *Oh I'm, I'm really* Oh, I'm sorry, did I raise two hands?

JERRY: Three, one had a shoe on it.

JACK: Oh..I was a little over-enthusiastic.

JERRY: Now let's see those hands in favor of Mr. Benny..One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine...MR. BENNY WINS.

KIDS: HOORAY...HOORAY...HOORAY.

GILBERT: Mr. President, I make a motion we show our good feeling toward each other by singing our club song.

JEFF: I second the motion.

JERRY: All right... let's sing...One, two, three.

KIDS & JACK: FOR WE ARE JOLLY GOOD BEAVERS,
FOR WE ARE JOLLY GOOD BEAVERS
FOR WE ARE JOLLY GOOD BEAVERS
AND WE OWN A COKE MACHINE

Jack: Yes sir.
(MUSICAL TRANSITION)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: (SINGS) Feeling low, feeling tense, These eight words ~~are~~ *make* common sense.. SMOKE A LUCKY.. to feel your level best..
~~SMOKE A LUCKY~~ - Well, I'm sure glad I was elected treasurer again.. That Joey didn't have a chance.. Well, I'm home in time for dinner.. Now where's my key.

(SOUND: KEYS Jangling.. THEN A QUARTER FALLS ON CEMENT SIDEWALK AND ROLLS AWAY)

ATX01 0312077

JACK: Oh, darn it, I dropped a quarter.. Now where did it - How do you like that, it rolled down a crack in the cement... I wonder if I can get it..(GRUNTS TWICE) No, it's too far down.. Well, I know what to do.

(SOUND: 4 FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT...3 UP WOODEN STEPS
.. KEY IN DOOR... DOOR OPENS & CLOSES ... 10
FOOTSTEPS THROUGH HOUSE.. SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND
CLOSES.. 3 FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN STEPS.. 6
FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL PATH..FOOTSTEPS STOP...SHED
DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now let's see...Ah, this is what I want.

(SOUND: SHED DOOR CLOSES..6 FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL
PATH.. 3 FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN STEPS.. SCREEN DOOR
OPENS AND CLOSES..10 FOOTSTEPS THROUGH HOUSE..
DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..3 FOOTSTEPS DOWN WOOD STEPS
.. 4 FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT.. FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Now..which crack did that quarter fall into? .. Oh, here it is....

(SOUND: (ON CUE) DAMNDEST NOISE OF A PNEUMATIC
CEMENT HAMMER DRILL.... STOPS ON CUE.)

JACK; That'll do it.

(SOUND: PNEUMATIC HAMMER STARTS AND CONTINUES
INTO MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312078

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the nation's fight against infantile paralysis continues relentlessly, but your contributions must keep rolling in to continue this fight. So please send your dimes and dollars to the March of Dimes....Let's all join in the fight against polio by contributing to the March of Dimes. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

~~Jack:~~

See *first -*
~~Jack~~ will be back in just a moment, but ~~first~~ --

ATX01 0312079

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 30, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
 Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: You see, Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're
 low ... calms you down when you're tense.

SHARBUTT: It's good to know that fine tobacco can do this for you.
 And that's why it's so important that you select and smoke
 the cigarette of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike! For as
 every smoker knows:

MARTIN: LS - MFT
 LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco: Remember Luckies are
 the overwhelming choice of the independent experts --
 auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- who can see the
 makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that
 fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

MARTIN: So when you choose your cigarette, remember that Luckies'
 fine tobacco puts you on the right level -- the Lucky
 level -- where you feel your best and do your best.

MUSIC: (INTRO)

SONG: Feeling low?
 Feeling tense?
 These eight words are common sense:
 Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
 Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (BUTTON)

ATX01 0312080

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be with you again next Sunday at the same time, same station...and we're going to have a very unusual program with Claudette Colbert and Vincent Price as our special guests... Gee, what that's going to cost.....(LAUGHS)

MARY: What are you laughing at?

JACK: Who's laughing, I'm hysterical...Goodnight, folks.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

~~DON: Don't forget to tune in 7:00 PM CBS Sunday night, which includes the Fred Allen Show, Sam Spade, Ames in Amsterdam, Sam and Hilda, and be sure to tune in to the 8:00 PM Show, The Jack Benny Show, and continue to hear Don's Day in "A Day in the Life of Don's Day"....~~

Don: THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.....

ATX01 0312081



ATX01 0312082

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

AS BROADCAST

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE February 6, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

Vs

KA-925

ATX01 0312083

SCRIPT # 19
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, February 6, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0312084

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 6, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT --60 to 62 --AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM---presented by LUCKY STRIKE.

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?
Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense --
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best.
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best.

MARTIN: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you
light up a Lucky....because Luckies' fine tobacco picks
you up when you're low...calms you down when you're tense...
puts you on the right level to feel and do your level best.

SHARBUTT: It's important to know that fine tobacco can do this for
you. And.....

MARTIN: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.....mild, ripe, thoroughly
enjoyable tobacco.

MARTIN: So next time you buy cigarettes, remember--Luckies' fine
tobacco picks you up when you're low...calms you down when
you're tense..puts you on the Lucky level--where you feel
your best and do your best.....So....

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

ATX01 0312085

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

MARY: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY, WITH PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, DON WILSON, AND "YOURS TRULY", MARY LIVINGSTONE

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

MARY: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TODAY IT IS MY TURN TO MAKE THE OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT, BECAUSE JACK STILL HAS DON WILSON LOCKED IN HIS DEN, AND HE INTENDS TO KEEP HIM THERE TILL DON SIGNS HIS NEW CONTRACT...AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK'S HOME, WE FIND HIM AND ROCHESTER DISCUSSING THE SITUATION.

ROCH: BOSS, I DON'T LIKE TO BUTT INTO YOUR AFFAIRS, BUT I THINK THAT IF YOU WON'T LET MR. WILSON GO, YOU OUGHT TO AT LEAST GIVE HIM A LITTLE FOOD..HE'S LOST SO MUCH WEIGHT HIS FACE IS GETTING AWFUL THIN.

JACK: It is?

ROCH: YEAH..THIS MORNING I PEEKED IN AT HIM THROUGH THE KEYHOLE AND SAW BOTH ^{his} EYES PEEKING BACK.

JACK: Well, look Rochester....I'll let Mr. Wilson out when he signs the contract and not before...

ROCH: BUT BOSS, HE'S DESPERATE FOR FOOD..YOU KNOW THAT MOOSE-HEAD HANGING OVER THE PIANO...WELL, HE ATE IT.

JACK: ^{And he ate the} The Moose-head?

ROCH: NO, THE PIANO.

JACK: What?

ROCH: ^{And} WITH THOSE KEYS STICKING OUT OF HIS MOUTH, HE LOOKS LIKE DON AMECHE

JACK: Rochester, stop making up such silly ^{things} --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ATX01 0312086

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello kids.

~~MARY~~, MARY &

DENNIS: (WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM) Hello, Jack.

Phil: Hello Jackson.

JACK: Well, this is a coincidence...all three of you coming at the same time.

MARY: Jack, it's no coincidence...We're over here to make a protest.

JACK: A protest?

MARY: Yes...just because Don won't sign his contract, you lock him up like a common criminal...it's awful.

PHIL: It's humiliating.

MARY: It's insulting to his dignity.

JACK: Oh, it is eh...What have you got to say about it, Dennis?

DENNIS: Nothing, tenors are a dime a dozen.

JACK: Well look kids, I don't think this is any of your business.. I happen to be the boss of my program, and I'll run things the way I want to.

MARY: Well, we're making it our business.

JACK: Oh you are, eh? (MAD) Let me tell you something..a business is like a ship..and whether it sinks or floats depends upon the captain..and you know what it is when the crew revolts against the captain?

PHIL: Yeah, ^{it's}matinee.

ATX01 0312087

JACK: ^{mutineer} That's mutiny!....~~and~~ I'm ashamed of all of you..but you the most, Mary....Imagine you being the ringleader.~~and~~ after all I've done for you...Took you from nothing..put you on the radio...and made a big star out of you.

MARY: Some big star...if I didn't double at the Burbank theatre, I'd starve to death.

JACK: The ^{the} Burbank Theatre?

DENNIS: Gee, Ball of Fire Livingstone.

JACK: Quiet..Now ^{now listen} listen, all of you..my business dealings with Don Wilson don't concern you..The only things you should be interested in are your own contracts.

PHIL: Well, I gotta beef on that, Jackson...Look at the way you got me to sign my last contract.

JACK: What're you talking about? You signed it in five minutes.

PHIL: I know, but look at the way you tortured me...you shoved a billiard ball in my mouth and then locked me in a room with a bottle of Bourbon.

DENNIS: Gee, Phil, what did you do?

PHIL: I had to knock out my front teeth.

MARY: To get the ball out?

PHIL: No, to get the bourbon in.

JACK: ^{Jack} You're better off than I am, Phil....Mr. Benny signed me to the longest term contract in radio.

PHIL: How long is your contract with Jackson, kid?

DENNIS: I don't know, but when I signed it, he slipped a ring on my finger, ~~and said~~ and said, "Till death do us part."

ATX01 0312088

JACK: Oh, quiet...^{kids} You should be happy working for me...It's something to be proud of.

MARY: ^{Well} I still think it's humiliating...particularly that clause you have in my contract saying that if anything terrible happens to my sister, Babe, you have the right to use it on your program.

JACK: ^{Well} Mary----

MARY: Well Babe wrote me and she's fed up with it....all those terrible things you say about her...Like she's modeling harnesses..or she was voted Miss Lower Plate Wobble...or a plane flew over and dropped her a bale of hay..You've got to stop that, Jack.

JACK: Okay...by the way, how are things going with your sister Babe?

MARY: ^{Oh} Fine, she meets Gorgeous George at the Olympic Wednesday.

JACK: (UP) Did you write that down, Rochester?

ROCH: GOT IT!

JACK: Good...good ^{good}

(SOUND: POUNDING. AND RATTLING ON DOOR)

MARY: Jack, there's Don rattling at the door...He must be starved.

PHIL: Yeah, Jackson, unlock the door so we can talk to him.

JACK: I will not.

MARY: Jack, open that door..we want to talk to Don.

JACK: Oh, all right. ^{Everyone wants to talk to Don, like he to Don.}

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS...DOOR UNLOCKED..AND
OPENED)

JACK: Well Don, are you gonna sign that contract?

ATX01 0312089

DON: (EXHAUSTED) I won't...I won't...Who's that with you?
Who are those people?

MARY: Don, don't you recognize us..I'm Mary and there's Phil
and Dennis.

DON: I don't know these people..get them out of here, Jack...
they're just here to torture me.

JACK: Now look, Don--

MARY: Don, I'm your friend, Mary Livingstone.

DON: Oh yes...Mary...Mary, please talk to Jack about my
contract...Dennis..Dennis..tell Jack to give me a fair
deal...tell him how lousy he is.

DENNIS: Oh, he knows that.

JACK: Quiet, kid.

PHIL: You better sign that contract, Donzy..you ain't round
and firm anymore.

JACK: Don, why don't you listen to reason and--

(SOUND: TAPPING ON GLASS)

JACK: Who's that?

DENNIS: Look out the window, Mr. Benny..it's your quartet.

JACK: The Sportsmen?...I wonder what they want?

DON: Jack, that's the only pleasure I get...they come over
every day and serenade me..Raise the window, Jack, please.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..WINDOW UP)

DON: Go ahead, fellows, sing to me.

ATK01 0312090

QUART: IF YOU HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL,
OVER THESE PRISON WALLS YOU COULD FLY.
BILL: IF YOU COULD FLY.
QUART: AND THEN YOU COULD LIGHT UP A LUCKY
AND WRITE "HONEST JOHN" IN THE SKY.
UP IN THE SKY
OH WE MISS YOU, DEAR DON, WE ALL MISS YOU
AND WE'RE HOPING THAT YOU WON'T BE THERE LONG.
BILL: WONT BE THERE LONG.
QUART: BUT IF JACK KEEPS YOU IN THERE FOREVER
JUST SMILE AND SING THE WORDS OF THIS SONG.

(GUITAR INTRO)

QUART: FEELING LOW, FEELING TENSE
THESE EIGHT WORDS ARE COMMON SENSE
MARTY: SMOKE A LUCKY
QUART: TO FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST
MARTY: SMOKE A LUCKY
QUART: AND WE ARE SURE THAT YOU WILL ALWAYS FEEL
YOUR VERY LEVEL BEST..BEST..BEST..LEVEL BEST.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312091

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{That} That was very nice, boys... ^{Now} Now close the window.

(SOUND: WINDOW DOWN)

JACK: Don..Don..that quartet touched a soft spot in my heart.. ^{Now} I'll give you that raise you were holding out for...Now sign the contract and go home.

DON: (SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL) Okay okay..give me the pen...I'll sign, I'll sign.

(SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING)

DON: There I did it..I did it...I'm free...I'M FREE...DO YOU HEAR ME...FREE.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: DON, LOOK OUT FOR THE WINDOW!

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: Oh my goodness, he jumped!

DON: (FADING WAY OFF MIKE) I'M FREE..I'M FREE...I'M FREE....
(HYSTERICAL LAUGH)....I'M FREE.

JACK: Gee, it's ^{quite a loss - - it's} too bad he ran away so fast...I was going to give him a new suit and a five dollar bill....Now look, kids..I hope you've all learned something from this..Now that I let Don out, I don't wanta have trouble with anyone else...From now on when we have rehearsals, be on time, pay attention to your job and take direction from me and there'll be no trouble.

MARY: Direction from you?

JACK: Certainly..I've been in radio for seventeen years and I know how things should be done..That's why I'm so much in demand.

ATX01 0312092

PHIL: In demand? .. Wait a minute, Dad...you told me you were gonna be on the Ford Theatre last Friday night so I tuned in and heard Claudette Colbert and Vincent Price...you weren't ^{even} on ~~the~~.

JACK: Well Phil, they begged me, but at the last minute I couldn't make it.

MARY: Begged you? That isn't what Claudette told me.

JACK: Mary, we're not discussing that now.

DENNIS: What did Claudette tell you, Mary?

JACK: Mary, if you say one word, I'm leaving the room. I don't wanta hear this silly talk.

MARY: I don't care, I'm gonna tell them.

JACK: All right then, I'm going out.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...LOUD DOOR SLAM)

PHIL: Come on, Livvy, tell us.

MARY: Well, here's what happened...Last week when Jack heard that Claudette Colbert was going to be on the Ford Theatre program, ^{he immediately called up Fletcher Markle, the} ~~he immediately called up Fletcher Markle, the~~ director of the show, and tried to get on it too.

(BOARD FADE) He couldn't wait to get to the phone and call Mr. Markle.

(SOUND: FADE IN PHONE RINGING ON OTHER END.

CLICK OF RECEIVER AT OTHER END)

BLANCHE: Hello, Kenyon and Eckhart, Radio Advertising Agency.

JACK: May I speak to Mr. Markle, please.

BLANCHE: Who's calling?

JACK: Jack Benny.

ATX01 0312093

BLANCHE: What's your Hooper?

JACK: Twenty-eight point nine.

BLANCHE: Oh then, Mr. Markle will talk to you.

JACK: Thank you.

MARKLE: (PAUSE)....Hello.

JACK: Oh hello, Mr. Markle...

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Markle, this is Jack Benny.

MARKLE: ~~Jack Benny~~ *Yes, Mr. Benny, what can I do for you?*

JACK: ~~Yes, now~~ *well* I understand that Claudette Colbert and Vincent Price are appearing on your Ford Theatre Program.

MARKLE: That's right.

JACK: Well, I thought perhaps you might like to use me instead of Vincent Price.

MARKLE: Mr. Benny... ~~did~~ *didn't* you do personal appearances in Europe last summer?

JACK: Yes..yes, I did.

MARKLE: And didn't you just finish producing a picture called "The Lucky Stiff?"

JACK: Uh huh.

MARKLE: And didn't you just sell your program to C.B.S.?

JACK: Yes, ~~that's~~ *that's* right.

MARKLE: Well, let somebody else make a buck, will you?

JACK: Mr. Markle, ~~it's~~ *no, Markle - it* not a question of money...it's a matter of proper casting. ~~Does~~ *no, it* Miss Colbert know that you have Vincent Price?

MARKLE: She picked him.

JACK: Oh..Well, don't you think it would be better if --

ATX01 0312094

CLAUDETTE: Hello.

JACK: Hello, I'd like to speak to Claudette Colbert, please.

CLAUDETTE: This is Miss Colbert speaking

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh hello, Claudette..guess who this is.

CLAUDETTE: Well really, I haven't the slightest idea.

JACK: You know ^{you know} the very well...come on..guess.

CLAUDETTE: Well, now--

JACK: Remember a few years ago at Paramount..who had the dressing room next to yours?

CLAUDETTE: OH HELLO DOROTHY!

JACK: Dorothy?.. ^{Look at} This isn't Lamour.. Look, Dorothy's dressing-room was on one side of yours..Now who was on the other side?

CLAUDETTE: That was a wash-room.

JACK: Only part of it... ^{Claudette} Claudette, this is Jack!

CLAUDETTE: OH JACK...HELLO....Jack who?

JACK: Jack Benny...and Claudette, you'll never guess why I'm calling.

CLAUDETTE: You're starting a Pyramid Club.

JACK: ^{Look at it..but one} Besides that...One of the reasons I called is to tell you that I saw your latest picture, "Family Honeymoon".. and I thought you were wonderful in it.

CLAUDETTE: Thank you.

JACK: You were really marvelous..I thought your characterization your sincerity, and your comedy interpretation surpassed anything I have ever seen on the screen.

ATX01 0312096

CLAUDETTE: Well....that's awfully sweet of you, Jack..and I want to congratulate you on...er...on...on....on....

JACK: *On* On what, Claudette?

CLAUDETTE: What have you been doing lately?

JACK: Lately? I'm with Columbia now.

CLAUDETTE: Oh...*well* how are things on Broadway at Ninth?

JACK: No no, you're thinking *you're thinking* of Eastern Columbia...*you see* I'm with C.B.S...But look, Claudette, here's what I want to talk to you about...Fletcher Markle, the director of the Ford Theatre, just called me about the show you're going to do.

CLAUDETTE: Called you?

JACK: Yes, and he suggested that I play the part of your husband in the sketch.

CLAUDETTE: But I understood Vincent Price was playing the part.

JACK: Well he was scheduled to...but if you want me, all you've got to do is speak up.....I said, all you've got to do is speak up.....CLAUDETTE.

CLAUDETTE: Just call me Johnny Belinda.

JACK: Huh...oh, Oh...Well, *I* I wish you'd think this over because it would really be a wonderful break.

CLAUDETTE: ~~It would~~...especially for me.

JACK: Oh, I wouldn't say that..let's say it'll do us both a lot of good...shall we?...*(DOES SILLY LAUGH)*

CLAUDETTE: Would you mind hanging up!

JACK: Now wait a minute, Claudette...How about the idea?

CLAUDETTE: Honestly, Jack, I have nothing to do with it....

ATX01 0312097

JACK: Now look, Claudette, I've got another idea...Why can't I --

JENNY: (FILTER) Will you please deposit five cents for an additional three minutes?

JACK: Three minutes already?...Just a second....Would you mind dropping a nickel in, Claudette?

CLAUDETTE: ~~It's not the nickel, Jack, I don't have a nickel~~
you called me, remember?

JACK: Oh...oh, that's right, what am I thinking of?.....Here, I've got a nickel.

(SOUND: NICKEL IN PHONE)

JACK: There.....It doesn't seem like we've been talking for three minutes.....does it, Claudette?

CLAUDETTE: You ought to be on this end.

JACK: Oh.....Well to come to the point, when do you start rehearsing for the play?

CLAUDETTE: Tonight at my house...but I don't think you ought to--

JACK: *Tonight?*
At your house, eh? What time?

CLAUDETTE: Eight o'clock....But really, Jack, I don't think you ought to----

JACK: Eight o'clock....Well thanks, Claudette, see you tonight.
....I'll read the part and Vincent Price will read the part...and may the best man win.

CLAUDETTE: I hope so.

JACK: I knew you'd be plugging for me...Well, goodbye.

CLAUDETTE: Goodbye.

ATX01 0312098

JACK: Oh, by the way, Claudette, shall I come for dinner?...

(SOUND: LOUD CLICK)...Claudette...Claudette....

Gee, that second three minutes went fast.

(TRANSITION MUSIC...."WISHING"...UP AND FADES DOWN)

MARY: And you know, kids, after that, you'd think Jack would have sense enough to stay away..but not little Blue Eyes..

DENNIS: No kidding.

MARY: No...At eight o'clock sharp he showed up at Claudette Colbert's house. (BOARD FADE ABOVE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, Claudette has a nice ~~house~~ ^{home}.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER...PAUSE...DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: Yes sir.

JACK: Miss Colbert is expecting me for rehearsal..I'm Jack Benny.

KEARNS: ^{Oh} Right this way, Mr. Benny...May I take your hat and coat?

JACK: Here you are.

KEARNS: Thank you..Well...this is the first time I ever saw a hat with a bird nest in it.

JACK: Give me that...It ~~got stuck~~ ^{Came off}.

KEARNS: They're going to rehearse in the drawing-room, Mr. Benny...I'll show you in.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Mr. Price is already here.

JACK: Oh he is..^{And he's a}One of those anxious guys, eh?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP...DOOR OPENS)

ATX01 0312099

JACK: WELL, WELL, MR. VINCENT PRICE..I'M JACK BENNY, THE
MOVIE STAR.

PRICE: (COLDLY) How do you do.

JACK: How do you do, Mr. Price.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: So the ^{two} two rivals meet, eh?

PRICE: Rivals...what do you mean?

JACK: Well perhaps I should let Claudette tell you..But it
looks like I'm taking your place on the Ford Theatre
Program.

PRICE: That's ridiculous, old boy.

JACK: Oh no it isn't....you see at rehearsal tonight, you
and I are both going to read the part...and of course
the best man will win.

PRICE: The...best man?

JACK: Yes.

PRICE: Mr. Benny, when only two people are involved in a
statement, the comparative is used...You don't say the
best man will win...you say the better man will win.

JACK: Oh.

PRICE: Now if three or more people are involved, then the word
best is the correct adjective.

JACK: I see.

PRICE: So before we compete for this part, Mr. Benny..it might
be well if you first learned to speak English.

ATX01 0312100

JACK: ~~Mr.~~...Well..for your information, Mr. Price, I went to Waukegan High School ^{for} four years, and I excelled in English..in fact, I got ninety-nine very single term.

PRICE: ^{Well} Ain't that ^{ginger peachy.} ~~ginger peachy.~~

JACK: Now cut that out!...(I've heard of sore losers in my life, but this guy takes the cake.)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: Step right in here, Mr. Markle...Miss Colbert will be with you shortly.

MARKLE: Thank you....OH HELLO, VINCENT.

PRICE: FLETCHER, OLD BOY...HOW ARE YOU?

MARKLE: Fine, fine.

JACK: Hello, Mr. Markle.

MARKLE: What are you doing here?

JACK: ...Well...I thought I'd just drop around to see if I ---

PRICE: (ANGRY) NOW LISTEN, FLETCHER...I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT AND I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION. AM I OR AM I NOT GOING TO APPEAR OPPOSITE MISS COLBERT?

MARKLE: OF COURSE YOU ARE.

PRICE: THEN WHAT IS THIS SHLEMIEL TALKING ABOUT?

JACK: Shlemiel?

PRICE: Yes...S, H, L, E, M ----

JACK: I KNOW HOW TO SPELL IT...I didn't get ninety-nine in English for nothing...And let me tell you something ---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

CLAUDETTE: Good evening, everybody.

ATX01 0312101

JACK: *ph* Look, here's Claudette.

ALL: (AD LIB GREETINGS)

JACK: Well...everybody's here now.

CLAUDETTE: Just set the coffee on the table, Richard.

KEARNS: Yes, madame.

(SOUND: LIGHT RATTLE OF CUPS)

CLAUDETTE: Coffee, Fletcher?

MARKLE: No thank you.

CLAUDETTE: Vincent?

PRICE: Yes, please.

JACK: *Del* I'll have a cup, too.

CLAUDETTE: *Oh in hurry* Here you are, Jack.

JACK: Thanks...(LOUD SIP)...Mmmmm. Gee, Claudette, this is the better coffee I ever tasted.....

PRICE: The word is best.

JACK: THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF US DRINKING IT, MAKE UP YOUR MIND...For heaven's sakes...Well, we're all here, so let's get started with the rehearsal.

CLAUDETTE: Richard, you may take the cups away now.

KEARNS: But Mr. Benny hasn't finished his coffee yet.

CLAUDETTE: *in* Well, you can take his cup, he's drinking out of the saucer.

JACK: Oh, I'm through now, so let's get going with the contest...I mean *the* rehearsal.

PRICE: JUST ONE MOMENT..... FLETCHER, LET'S GET THIS SETTLED FOR MR. BENNY'S BENEFIT..IS HE OR IS HE NOT REPLACING ME IN THE PLAY?

ATK01 0312102

MARKLE: CERTAINLY NOT. THAT'S RIDICULOUS.

CLAUDETTE: OF COURSE IT'S RIDICULOUS.

KEARNS: I THINK IT'S ABSURD.

JACK: YOU STAY OUT OF THIS, JUST TAKE MY SAUCER LIKE YOU
WERE TOLD....Smart Aleck.

MARKLE: PLEASE...PLEASE....LET'S GET ON WITH THE REHEARSAL...
NOW, MR. BENNY, IF YOU INSIST ON STAYING, TAKE A CHAIR
AND BE QUIET.

JACK: (MEEKLY) Yes sir, Hm...Oh Claudette, is it all
right if I have some of these walnuts here?

CLAUDETTE: Certainly...help yourself.

JACK: Thanks.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF NUTS IN THE BOWL)

JACK: Mmm, ^{quite large} big ones!

MARKLE: Now Claudette... *if you and Vincent are ready -*
Please to begin
~~turn to page 10 in the script, we will proceed.~~

(SOUND: NUT BEING CRACKED)

JACK: Boy, these nuts are good.

MARKLE: Now Claudette, in this play, you are a wealthy society
girl who is married to a New York stockbroker....that's
you, Vincent.

(SOUND: NUT BEING CRACKED)

MARKLE: But he doesn't love you, Claudette...and as the
French say, ^{it's} ~~it is~~ a marriage of convenience.

(SOUND: LOUDER NUT CRACK)

JACK: That was a tough one.

ATX01 0312103

MARKLE: MR. BENNY, WILL YOU PLEASE STOP EATING THOSE NUTS!

JACK: CLAUDETTE SAID I COULD...Anyway, Mr. Markle, I don't want to sit around here like a bump on a log..If I can't have the lead in the play, isn't there something I can do?

MARKLE: All right...If it'll make you happy, you can play the part of the butler.

JACK: ^{Hum} ~~the butler~~... ~~Stay~~

MARKLE: Here's your script.

JACK: Thanks.

MARKLE: Now remember Claudette, you're the wife...Vincent, you're the husband who doesn't understand her... and Jack --

JACK: I'm the butler whom Claudette really loves.

MARKLE: YOU'RE THE BUTLER, THAT'S ALL!

JACK: Don't shout at me, I'm old enough to be your brother... Heaven's to Betsy!

MARKLE: All right, Claudette, now you start the scene... Remember, your husband is two hours late for dinner, and you're a nervous wreck.

CLAUDETTE: I understand.

MARKLE: Go ahead...You call the butler.

CLAUDETTE: Yes...(CLEARS THROAT) Oh Smedley..Smedley!

JACK: Yes, Madame....(Hm, Smedley yet)..What is it, Madame?

CLAUDETTE: Are you sure my husband hasn't phoned?

JACK: No, Madame.... Shall I serve dinner?

ATX01 0312104

CLAUDETTE: No Smedley, ^{no} I'm much too upset to eat...I've been under such tension all day...I feel so miserable... and low.

JACK: Oh -- (SINGS) Feeling low, feeling tense.

MARKLE: Jack ---

JACK: These eight words are common sense.

MARKLE: Jack ---

JACK: SMOKE A LUCKY...to feel your level better.

MARKLE: THAT'S NOT IN THE SCRIPT!

JACK: ^{Oh} Oh, I'm sorry.

CLAUDETTE: ~~What~~ ^{Some} butler, with singing commercials yet.

JACK: Yeah.

MARKLE: Now Claudette, at this point, the husband enters the room...Go ahead, Vincent, make your entrance.

PRICE: Okay..Ah, good evening, darling..so sorry I'm late.

CLAUDETTE: (VERY DRAMATIC) Oh Michael, you're always late and you're always sorry..It's been like this for months! What's come between us?...If I only knew, maybe we could work things out.

PRICE: It's nothing, my dear...It's just that I've been so busy lately at the office. ^{now} Let's forget it..Come here and give me a kiss and perhaps we can ---

JACK: Dinner is served---Oh, pardon me, I came in too soon.

CLAUDETTE: I can't just kiss you and forget it, Michael...we must come to some understanding..This can't go on forever!

ATX01 0312105

PRICE: (EXASPERATED) Gwen, let's be adult about the whole thing, shall we? Every night it's the same argument.. this constant nagging, nagging, nagging!...I tell you I've been working at the office.

CLAUDETTE: (HALF CRYING) But I phoned your office and they said you left at two this afternoon.

PRICE: Well, I had business at the bank...Do I have to explain my every move to you? Your jealousy is driving me insane.

(SOUND: LOUD CRACKING OF A NUT)

JACK: Gee, this one's got a worm in it...I'll put it back in the bowl.

MARKIE: JACK, STOP INTERRUPTING!...Continue, Claudette.

CLAUDETTE: (STILL HALF CRYING) Oh, it's no use, Michael, I know you're lying!...Look at you...everything you say, everything you do...gives you away!..We must reach a definite understanding.

PRICE: Well, you can keep on talking, I'm going to have dinner.

CLAUDETTE: (HALF CRYING) But, Michael, I can't go through *with* another day of this uncertainty...I must know.... do you love me or not?

PRICE: Of course I love you.

CLAUDETTE: You're lying, Michael...lying.

ATX01 0312106

PRICE: Very well, then...I'm lying..You might as well know the truth, my dear...I've never loved you...never!

JACK: Gee!

PRICE: And if you weren't so stupid, you'd have known it long ago.

CLAUDETTE: (CRYING) MICHAEL..MICHAEL, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

PRICE: I married you for your money, that's all....

JACK: Gosh.

PRICE: Everybody else knew it, and if you weren't such a blind little fool, you would have realized it yourself.

CLAUDETTE: ^{Oh} STOP, MICHAEL...STOP!

PRICE: Well, Gwen, now you know how things stand...the sooner you divorce me, the happier I will be.

CLAUDETTE: (CRYING) No, no..I will never divorce you, Michael... I couldn't live without you...I couldn't...I couldn't.

PRICE: Tears, tears...Oh, stop the dramatics!

CLAUDETTE: MICHAEL!

PRICE: I'm moving to my Club....SMEDLEY, PACK MY CLOTHES!

JACK: (VERY DRAMATIC) I wouldn't touch your dirty clothes...You stinker.

MARKLE: JACK, PLEASE BE QUIET,...Continue, Vincent.

PRICE: Well goodbye, Gwen, I'm going to the Club...Our attorneys can get together tomorrow.

CLAUDETTE: DON'T GO MICHAEL...PLEASE DON'T GO!

PRICE: STOP HANGING ONTO ME.

ATX01 0312107

CLAUDETTE: BUT I WON'T GIVE YOU UP...I WON'T...I WON'T.

PRICE: STOP IT I SAY!..LET GO OF ME!

CLAUDETTE: NO!...NO!

PRICE: THEN TAKE THAT!

(SOUND: TERRIFIC SLAP)

CLAUDETTE: Ooooooooooh!

JACK: THAT DOES IT...STRIKING A WOMAN...PUT UP YOUR DUKES,
MR. PRICE.

PRICE: WHAT?

JACK: ~~HE'S HITTING HER~~; *Come on fight!*

(SOUND: LOUD SOCK)

JACK: Ooooooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

MARKLE: *Well* LOOK AT BENNY, HE'S OUT COLD.

CLAUDETTE: YES...VINCENT, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT HIM SO HARD.

PRICE: I DIDN'T HIT HIM.

KEARNS: I DID, MADAME.

CLAUDETTE: OH.

KEARNS: SHALL I THROW SOME COLD WATER IN HIS FACE?

CLAUDETTE: NO, WE'LL JUST GO IN THE OTHER ROOM AND REHEARSE...

COME ON, VINCENT. AND BRING THE WALNUTS.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312108

~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, CARE food packages have been improved and increased with more meats and fats that means health to hungry children and families overseas. Twenty-two and one-half pounds of life giving food for ten dollars. Delivery guaranteed. Send your contribution to non-profit CARE, Los Angeles, or New York. That's C A R E, CARE, Los Angeles or New York.~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

DON: Jack, will be back in just a moment, but first....

ATX01 0312109

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 6, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best.
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best.

MARTIN: You see, Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low....calms you down when you're tense.

SHARBUTT: It's good to know that fine tobacco can do this for you. *And*
that's why it's so important that you select and smoke
the cigarette of fine tobacco--Lucky Strike! For as you
know--

MARTIN: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! No wonder more
independent tobacco experts --auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen--smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next
two leading brands combined. Yes, Luckies are the
overwhelming choice of the men who really know tobacco.

MARTIN: So when you choose your cigarette, remember that Luckies
fine tobacco puts you on the right level--the Lucky level--
where you feel your best--and do your best.

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?
Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense--
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (BUTTON)

ATX01 0312110

(TAG)

JACK: Hm...that Mary has a lot of nerve.

CLAUDETTE: Oh, Jack...Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Claudette.

CLAUDETTE: What are you sitting out on the curb for?

JACK: *Oh* It's all your fault... You told Mary what happened at your house the other night and now she's inside telling it to Dennis and Phil...And you know Mary... she'll put in a lot of things that aren't even true.

CLAUDETTE: Yes yes, I know...By the way, Jack, how's your nose?

JACK: Well, it's a little better, but it still hurts...
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, be sure to tune in to the CBS Sunday line-up which includes the Prudential Hour, *Jack Benny* Amos and Andy, Sam Spade, and Lum and Abner... Don't miss Don Ameche in "Your Lucky Strike" every afternoon...and listen to Dennis Day in "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day."

Don't miss Don Ameche in "Your Lucky Strike" every afternoon...and listen to Dennis Day in "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day."
Don't miss Don Ameche in "Your Lucky Strike" every afternoon...and listen to Dennis Day in "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day."
Don't miss Don Ameche in "Your Lucky Strike" every afternoon...and listen to Dennis Day in "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day."

ATX01 0312111

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

AS BROADCAST

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE February 13, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

RA-925

ATX01 0312112

SCRIPT # 20
(REVISED SCRIPT)

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, February 13, 1949 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATK01 0312113

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 13, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?

Feeling tense?

These eight words are common sense -

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you
light up a Lucky because Luckies' fine tobacco
picks you up when you're low ... calms you down when
you're tense ... puts you on the right level to feel
and do your level best.

SHARBUTT: It's important to know that fine tobacco can do this for
you. And ...

MARTIN: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... mild, light ripe
tobacco that means real smoking enjoyment for you.

MARTIN: So next time you buy cigarettes, remember -- Luckies'
fine tobacco picks you up when you're low ... calms you
down when you're tense puts you on the Lucky level -
where you feel your best ... and do your best. Yes ...

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

ATX01 0312114

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY.....WITH
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND
"YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE.....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TOMORROW, FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH, IS
VALENTINES DAY....AND ~~IT'S~~ ^{it's} ALSO THE BIRTHDAY OF THE STAR
OF OUR SHOW....SO HERE HE IS...JACK VALENTINE BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Thank you,* Thank you, thank you, hello again, this is Jack Benny
talking.....and Don, that was very nice of you to remember
my birthday.....How did you ever think of it?

DON: Well Jack, a strange thing happened last night....I ate
at that Chinese restaurant that you recommended.

JACK: Uh huh.
~~DON:~~ *Don I hope you* And ~~I~~ broke open one of those rice fortune cakes.

~~JACK:~~ ~~And the~~ *And the* And the little paper said, "Tis better to give than to
receive and Monday is Jack Benny's Birthday."

JACK: Oh...*and* what did you bring me for a present, Don?

DON: Well, it was too late to go shopping, so I brought you a
pocket full of fried rice.

JACK: Hmmm....too late to go shopping....I told you to have
lunch there....not dinner.....Anyway, Don, I'll take the
rice, there's a friend of mine getting married Wednesday....
Thanks very much.

ATX01 0312115

DON: Well....tell me, Jack, how does it feel being a year older?

JACK: Don....I don't know...it seems strange to advance another year, but then on the other hand, there's something exciting about reaching forty....Yes sir.

DON: Well, Jack, you may be forty, but I must say you look much younger.

JACK: *Well* Don, it's nice of you to say that...but let's face it... *I mean* my age is beginning to show... *you know* a little wrinkle here, a gray hair there....EHH....time marches on....Now let's get on with the program.

DON: *Oh* Wait a minute, Jack....before we get into the show... *I have* got a little surprise for you.

JACK: A surprise, Don?

DON: Yes, *now* the whole audience is gonna join in....ALL RIGHT EVERYBODY...ONE....TWO....THREE.

AUDIENCE: (SING) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY JACK BENNY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Well* Thank you,...thank you everybody...thanks very much.

DON: Wasn't that nice, Jack?

JACK: Yes, very nice, Don...but....er...but....er....

DON: But what?

JACK: Well, I was watching one fellow sitting in the front row and he didn't sing at all....As a matter of fact, he had a frown on his face...and I'm just curious to know why ...
OH MISTER...MISTER.....

ATX01 0312116

MEL: (WAY OFF) ME?

JACK: YES....WOULD YOU MIND COMING UP HERE ON THE STAGE FOR A MINUTE.

MEL: (WAY OFF) OKAY.

(SOUND: FOUR LOUD FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS)

JACK: Now look, Mister...Mister --

MEL: Fink...F, I, N, Q, U, E...Fink.

JACK: Oh..oh...Well, Mr. Fink, I'm just curious to know...You were the ^{you were the} only one who didn't sing "Happy Birthday" to me... Why was that?

MEL: Do you sing to me on my birthday?

JACK: No...no....but then how can I?...I don't even know when your birthday is.

MEL: It's December ^{the} 24th..and all you hear people singing is --(SINGS) JINGLE BELLS,...JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY -- ~~Not one word about Fink.~~

JACK: Well, that's ^{that's} too bad.....Now look, Mister Fink.

MEL: F, I, N, Q, U, E.

JACK: I know, I know.

MEL: That's French.

JACK: Yes yes.

MEL: In Paris it's Finkay.

JACK: I don't care what it is....all I wanta know is if you've got this chip on your shoulder..why did you come in here in the first place?

ATX01 0312117

MEL: Who wanted to come in?...I was standing in line for the Amos 'n' Andy Show and some guy came over and told me, ^{that} they ~~was~~ giving away refrigerators in here.

JACK: Giving away refrigerators?

MEL: In radio a program's either gotta give you entertainment or a refrigerator, ~~now~~ where's my ice-box?

JACK: You're not getting an icebox so go sit down.

MEL: Okay okay...(GOES OFF MUMBLING) Twelve programs this week and I still ain't got a stick of furniture.

JACK: Keep quiet, please.....Don, regardless of what just happened, I do appreciate ~~you~~ ---

MARY: Hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack, Happy Birthday.

JACK: Well, thank you, Mary....It was awfully sweet of you to remember it.

MARY: Well, Jack, I must confess that I forgot all about your birthday, but a strange thing happened. Remember yesterday when you said I looked like I was gaining weight?

JACK: Yes, ~~yes~~.

MARY: Well...today as I came ~~into~~ ⁱⁿ the lobby of C.B.S., I stepped on the scale to weigh myself.

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: And a card came out saying, "You weigh a hundred and twelve pounds, you are kind to dogs and tomorrow is Jack Benny's Birthday".

ATX01 031211B

JACK: No!

MARY: I couldn't believe it either....So I put in another penny and a card came out that said, "Don't stand here all day, you've got shopping to do."

JACK: Oh...well, ^{did you} did you do it?

MARY: ^{Oh} I'll have something for you tomorrow.

JACK: Good, that's my birthday anyway....and just think, Mary.... tomorrow I'll be forty.

MARY: Forty, eh?

JACK: Yes, forty.

MARY: ~~What~~ Jack, let me ask you something.

JACK: What?

MARY: Many years ago you were in vaudeville, weren't you?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: And many times you were on the same bill with Eddie Cantor.

JACK: Yes yes, I was.

MARY: And at that time you and ~~Eddie~~ Cantor were the same age, weren't you?

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: Well Jack...today Eddie Cantor admits that he's over fifty..
How come you're only forty?

JACK: Oh, I don't know...just lucky, I guess....Anyway, Mary.... now that I'm approaching middle age, I'll have to slow down the mad social whirl and cut down my night life a little, *you know.*

ATX01 0312119

MARY: Some night life...You have a hamburger at Simon's... squeeze the waitress's hand, and then run home and dream you're Errol Flynn.

JACK: (MOCKING) Errol Flynn, Errol Flynn....Some joke...Mary, if you're so smart, let me ask you a question,...If I was born in 1909, how old would I be today?

MEL: (OFF) DON'T ANSWER HIM, SISTER, HE AIN'T GIVING AWAY NOTHIN'.

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS.

MARY: Who's that?

JACK: Some guy named Fink.

MEL: (OFF) F, I, N, Q, U, E.

JACK: I KNOW, I KNOW....^{Don't} Don't pay any attention to him, Mary..... There's one in every audience....^{you know}

MARY: By the way, Jack, my sister Babe wanted to send you a birthday card, but she didn't know your address, so she sent it to me. ^{oh}

JACK: Your sister Babe?...Have you got the card with you?

MARY: Yes, I'll read it to you..

"CONGRATULATIONS.....

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE FORTY JACK,

I'VE BEEN THERE TWICE AND

I'M COMIN' BACK."

JACK: (LAUGHING) Say, that's kinda cute.

MARY: Babe has a wonderful sense of humor.

ATX01 0312120

JACK: Yeah...remember the time she painted an extra toe on your
uncle's foot and he thought he had seven?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Not only that, but how about the time she --

JACK: Now wait a minute, ^{wait a minute} Mary, this is all very funny, ^{it's very funny} but I think
you ^{he} stalled long enough.

MARY: Stalled? What do you mean?

JACK: You know...every year on my birthday you give me a big kiss.

MARY: Oh...well, Jack....I sort of figured now that you're getting
older.....well...you might not be interested in kissing
any more.

JACK: Oh I'm not, eh....Come here and I'll show you.
(JACK REALLY KISSES MARY FOR A LONG TIME)

JACK: There, how was that?

MARY: Thank you, Errol Flynn.

JACK: You said it....Now put me down.
(SOUND: FEET ON FLOOR)

JACK: Thanks...I just wanted to show you ^{that} being forty
doesn't ---Oh, hello Dennis...^{Dennis} You're just in time for your
song.

DENNIS: Okay, Mr. Benny...I'm glad I got here in time..on the way
down I had to stop off at our family doctor's office and
punch him in the nose.

JACK: ^{What?} You punched your doctor in the nose?

DENNIS: He had it coming, my mother told me what he did.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: When I was born, for no reason at all, he slapped me.

ATX01 0312121

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: And my back was turned, too.

JACK: ~~Dennis, Dennis never~~...never mind that....let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay, ~~but first~~...but first, congratulations on your birthday.

JACK: (SWEETLY) Oh...well it's awfully sweet of you to remember it, kid.

DENNIS: I never would've thought of it if you hadn't given me that ticket to the burlesque show last night.

JACK: Never mind, Dennis .

MARY: What did the burlesque show have to do with it?

DENNIS: Well, a girl came out to do a dance...her bubble broke, and a sign fell out saying "Monday is Jack Benny's birthday".

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: You must be popular...^{boy} what applause you got.

JACK: All right, all right.

DENNIS: They whistled and everything.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: What a fuss over a man's birthday.

JACK: Dennis, you found out it was my birthday, that's all that matters. Now come on, let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay...(MUMBLES) Gee, when I'm forty, I hope I don't look like him.

JACK: What did you say?

DENNIS: Sing, Dennis.

JACK: That's better.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG...."THERE'S A BLUEBIRD SINGING IN MY HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312122

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *That was* That was "Bluebird Singing in My Heart" sung by Dennis Day.

... ~~that~~ very good, Dennis...that was wonderful.

DENNIS: ~~That was wonderful~~and congratulations on your birthday.

JACK: Dennis, you congratulated me already. *forget it*

DENNIS: I ~~tried~~ *tried, but I can't get that bubble dancer out of my mind.*

DENNIS: ~~Yes, I tried to get that bubble dancer out of my mind.~~

JACK: *Well, force yourself, say --*
Yes, I would...Say, Mary---

DENNIS: You know, Mr. Benny, it must be nice to have your birthday come on Valentine's Day.

JACK: Yes, Kid, but there's only one thing against it. *you know* So many famous people were born in the month of February.... Longfellow...Lincoln....Washington...It *you know it -* makes it hard for me to be outstanding.

DENNIS: I can imagine.

JACK: Of course, *of course* I don't want you to think for a minute that I'm comparing myself to a man like Washington.

MARY: Why not? Washington wore a wig, too.

JACK: Very clever, very clever... *Did you* Did you make up that joke yourself, Mary?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: And you like that type of joke?

MARY: *yah*I thought it was very funny..

JACK: I see.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP....

DIALING)

JACK: Hello, May Company?.....You can take the candle out of the window, Mary's coming home.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ATX01 0312123

JACK: You better watch it, Sister...another gag like that and ---

PHIL: H'YA, JACKSON, YOU SURE LOOK NIFTY,
EVEN THOUGH TOMORROW YOU'RE GONNA BE THIRTY.

JACK: What?

DON: Wait a minute, Phil...Nifty doesn't rhyme with thirty.

PHIL: I know, but it's better than breaking ~~that~~^{an} old man's
heart h'ya, Livvy.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Hello, Phil.

PHIL: *Ha - La - Hey* Here you are, Jackson, I brought you a little birthday
present.

JACK: Well, *Phil* this is really too much...to think that you of all
people would remember my birthday.

PHIL: Well, a funny thing happened...Last night I was in a bar
and I happened to look up and I saw a little sign that
said, "Monday is Jack Benny's birthday".

MARY: Phil...that was written on the ceiling?

PHIL: No, under the table.

JACK: I knew you'd see it.

MARY: *Jack it not? Mary: Jack -* Jack, why don't you open the present Phil gave you?

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: PAPER TEARING)

JACK: Oh Phil....this is swell.

DON: What is it, Jack?

JACK: One glove...Phil, why in the world would you give
me only one glove?

PHIL: You never take your right hand out of your pocket anyway.

JACK: Now wait a minute ---

ATX01 0312124

PHIL: Hey, Jackson... ^{look -} all kidding aside... how old are you gonna be tomorrow?

JACK: Forty.

PHIL: ^{Jackson - will you lay that on me} ~~The same old~~ again, I been rehearsing my band, and my ears ^{foldin'} ~~down~~ are still vibrating.

JACK: I said I was going to be forty. ~~you're still a kid~~

~~PHIL: Don't you ever think of being a stranger to me..~~

~~Jack: I'm not a stranger to you..~~

PHIL: What are you talking about, you got toupays older than that.

JACK: Toupays?

PHIL: And that's a Factor, Max!HA HA HA HA ... OH, HARRIS, YOU MAY NOT BE WITH COLUMBIA BUT YOU'RE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

JACK: Phil...Phil.....Phil....is that a natural point on your head or are you advertising a Pyramid Club? You can tell some of the most awful--

DON: Jack, it's getting kinda late...don't you think we oughta get started with ^{that} ~~the~~ hillbilly sketch we're going to do tonight?

JACK: I'm glad you brought that up, Don....we're not gonna do that sketch...From now on we're going to do the finer type of play like they do on dramatic shows.....After seventeen years it's about time this show got a little class.

PHIL: Well, Dad, if you wanta class things up a little, next week I'll have the band wear tuxedos.

ATX01 0312125

JACK: Phil, if you can just get them to tuck ⁱⁿ their shirts ~~in~~,
I'll be happy....Anyway, kids, from now on we're gonna do
a higher class of comedy,...the kind that ---

DENNIS: Happy birthday, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: ~~that bubble dancer~~ *Driving me nuts.*

JACK: Dennis, go sit down.

DON: Jack, what do you want to change your program for?

MARY: *Well* Don's right...Last week you tried to get on the Ford
Theatre with Claudette Colbert and Vincent Price and you
know what happened....Fletcher Markle, the director,
thought you were terrible.

JACK: Oh he did, eh?...Well, if Mr. Markle thought I was so
terrible, why did he give me a contract to appear on the
Ford Theatre March Fourth?

PHIL: No kidding, Jackson, are you gonna be on the Ford Theatre?

JACK: Yes sir,....on March Fourth...and just wait till you hear
the performance I give...It'll live..it'll sparkle...it'll
bubble.

DENNIS: (WOLF WHISTLE) *Happy Birthday*

JACK: Dennis! *Don't* Forget about that girl... Anyway, kids...I've
got a contract to appear on the Ford Theatre March Fourth
and I can't wait till I get on it.

DON: What play are you going to do, Jack?

JACK: The Horn Blows at Midnight.

DON, MARY & PHIL:.....WHAT?

JACK: You heard me...I'm going to do The Horn Blows at Midnight.

MARY: You wouldn't dare!

JACK: I wouldn't eh?...Just wait and see.

ATX01 0312126

PHIL: *Shit* Jackson...that proves you must be at least sixty.
JACK: Why?
PHIL: Nobody could get that much guts in forty years.
JACK: Oh yeah...well I don't care what any of you kids think...
I'm going to prove once and for all that The Horn Blows
At Midnight *is* ~~was~~ a great story.
DENNIS: That's telling 'em, Mr. Benny.
JACK: Thanks, Dennis..... Did you see the picture?
DENNIS: Yeah, I saw it four years ago when I was in the service.
JACK: Oh, did the Navy show my picture to the boys?
DENNIS: No, to the Japs, but I snuck in.
JACK: All right, you can all say what you want to, but I'm going
to do "The Horn Blows at Midnight."
MEL: NOW YOU'RE TALKIN', MY WIFE SAW THAT PICTURE AND IT WAS
WONDERFUL.
JACK: It was *my link?*
MEL: YEAH, THEY LET HER IN FOR NOTHIN' AND GAVE HER FOUR SETS
OF DISHES.
JACK: Well, why didn't you go?
MEL: I'M HOLDING OUT FOR AN ICE BOX.
JACK: Oh yes yes, I forgot...Now, kids, getting back to the
show that I'm going to do ~~---~~
DON: *Go* Say Jack, before you go any further, I think it's time for
a song by the quartet.
JACK: Oh yes, that's right... are the Sportsmen here?
DON: *Yeah* ~~Yes~~...COME ON IN, FELLOWS...Now Jack, these boys want to
dedicate this number to you on the happy occasion of your
birthday because this song has been associated with you for
years.
JACK: Well, that's very nice, Don.
DON: COME ON FELLOWS...TAKE IT.

ATK01 0312127

QUART: CAN IT BE THE TREES
THAT FILL THE BREEZE
WITH FRAGRANCE THAT WE ALL LIKE?
OH NO, IT ISN'T THE TREES.
IT'S LUCKY STRIKE.
CAN IT BE THE SUN
THAT'S SO MUCH FUN
WHEN YOU ARE OUT ON A HIKE?
OH NO, IT ISN'T THE SUN,
IT'S LUCKY STRIKE
WAY DOWN IN KENTUCKY
THEY PLANTED A SEED.
IT GREW TO A LUCKY
TO GIVE YOU THAT SMOKING PLEASURE. *Jack: That's beautiful.*
IS IT ALL A DREAM,
this ~~THE~~ JOY SUPREME
THAT WE SING INTO THIS MIKE?
OH NO, IT ISN'T A DREAM,
IT'S LUCKY STRIKE.
FEELING LOW, FEELING TENSE
THESE EIGHT WORDS ARE COMMON SENSE
HAPPY BIRTHDAY...AND FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY...AND MAY YOU ALWAYS FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312128

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was wonderful, boys..Thanks very much...Say Mary,
wasn't it nice ^{for} the quartet to sing a number just ~~for~~
~~me~~ -- Hey, Mary, I just thought of a wonderful joke...
Mary, ask me why we have quartets here in America, but
in Scotland they only have quintets...Ask me that. *go ahead, ask*
MARY: All right, Jack..Why do they only have quintets in
Scotland?
JACK: Because all Scotch comes in fifths...HA HA HA HA...
Says How about that one? Pretty good, eh?
MARY: Jack, did you make that joke up all by yourself?
JACK: Yep....~~that's all~~
MARY: And you like that joke?
JACK: I thought it was pretty clever.
MARY: You did, eh?

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP..DIALING)

MARY: Hello, N.B.C.?.....Leave the back door open, *blue eyes is*
coming home.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Mary, if you tried to get even with me, it didn't work...
I'm staying here at C.B.S. till...till something freezes
over.

MEL: (OFF) IT AIN'T GONNA BE NO REFRIGERATOR.

JACK: Oh, keep still....I thought he left already.

DON: Oh say, Jack.

JACK: Yes, Don.

DON: While the quartet was singing, this telegram came for you.

JACK: A telegram for me..?

ATX01 0312129

DON: ^{yeah} ~~Jack~~ Jack. ~~Jack~~ I took the liberty of giving the boy a
twenty-five cent tip.

JACK: Oh...well here's a nickel, ^{Don} and you're at liberty to chase
the boy for the other twenty cents...Give me the
telegram...Thanks.

(SOUND: ENVELOPE OPEN)

JACK: Gee, it's from my sister Florence.

DON: What does she say?

JACK: She says..."DEAR JACK..I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR PROGRAM
AND I THOUGHT I SHOULD SEND YOU THIS WIRE IMMEDIATELY...
You're mistaken about your age.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE FORTY YEARS OLD TOMORROW...YOU'RE
GOING TO BE...Oh no...no this can't be...this is awful.

MARY: Jack how old does your sister say you're gonna be tomorrow?

JACK: Thirty-nine...Oh my goodness, this is embarrassing...But
my sister Florence ought to know...I guess instead of
being born in 1909, it was 1910.

MARY: Now wait a minute, Jack..how could you be born in 1910?..
I happen to know that in 1917 you were in the Navy.

JACK: WELL, OF COURSE I WAS IN THE NAVY, DO YOU THINK I'M A
SLACKER?

MARY: WELL, HOW OLD WERE YOU THEN?

JACK: SEVEN...

MARY: SEVEN! HOW COULD YOU ^{be} ~~be~~ --

JACK: MARY, DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, THEY MEASURED ME FOR A UNIFORM
AND CUT OFF MY CURLS AT THE SAME TIME.

DON: BUT JACK, IF YOU WERE ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD, HOW COULD YOU
POSSIBLY GET IN THE NAVY?

ATX01 0312130

JACK: I OWNED A BATTLESHIP AND SHUT UP!Anyway, this thing has got me puzzled...I'm going to call Rochester and have him look ^{up} ~~me~~ my birth certificate.

(SOUND: FOUR STEPS)

JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) My sister Florence says I'm thirty-nine... and I think I'm forty...I'm going to find out.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKING...FADE TO BUZZING
OF SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Say Mable

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah, I wonder what King Midas wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes Mr. Benny..^{yes} I'll call your house immediately.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants I should get him Rochester...You know what, Mable?

SARA: What?

BEA: I never saw a man like Mr. Benny...He has such a split personality...On the radio he's one type of person, and in real life he's an entirely different type of person.

SARA: Yeah, I don't like either one of 'em.

BEA: Well, I like him...but you know what?..Last week he tried to make me jealous by going out with another girl.

SARA: Was she cute?

BEA: Cute..ehhh..you shoulda seen her..Buttons and Bowlegs.

ATX01 0312131

SARA: So what? You're bowlegged.

BEA: I am not.

SARA: You are, too...when you wear white stockings you look like the "O" in Honest John.

BEA: All right, at least I'm commercial.

JACK: Operator.

(SOUND: CLICKING OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Operator....Gertrude..get me my home.

BEA: I'm trying, I'm trying...You know Rome wasn't built in a day.

JACK: Well, you girls ought to know, you helped build it.

BEA: Hm hm hm hm..for this they paid two million dollars.

JACK: Never mind...Now please ring my home.

BEA: Okay okay, I'm ringing it.

JACK: ~~Mr.~~ smart aleck Gertrude.. *She takes you out - -* She takes you out for dinner once and she thinks she owns you...Oh well.

(SOUND: CLICK)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, RADIO, AND SILENT PICTURES.

JACK: Rochester..it's me.

ROCH: OH OH OH OH..HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: *Right at* What took you so long to answer the phone?

ROCH: WELL TOMORROW'S YOUR BIRTHDAY AND I WAS OUT IN THE KITCHEN FINISHING YOUR CAKE.

JACK: A cake?

ROCH: YEAH..YOU OUGHTA SEE IT, BOSS..ACROSS THE TOP IN WHIPPED CREAM, I WROTE "HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

ATK01 0312132

JACK: Well, that's nice, Rochester.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, HOW MANY "P'S" IN HAPPY?

JACK: Two.

ROCH: OH-OH.

JACK: So ~~you'd better~~ *you'd better* add one.

ROCH: ~~add one - I better cross one out - I've got three.~~ *add one - I better cross one out - I've got three.*

JACK: You can do that later..Now Rochester, here's why I called you...I don't know what to do..I thought tomorrow was going to be my fortieth birthday...but I just got a wire from my sister and she says I'm going to be thirty-nine..

ROCH: WELL DON'T ARGUE WITH HER, BOSS, GRAB IT.

JACK: Rochester, I've got to be honest with myself..Now I want you to look at my birth certificate and tell me the date on it.

ROCH: YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE?

JACK: Yes, do you know where it is?

ROCH: IT'S RIGHT HERE ON THE DESK.

JACK: What's my birth certificate doing on the desk?

ROCH: YOU GOT IT OUT THE OTHER DAY WHEN YOU APPLIED FOR YOU OLD AGE PENSION.

JACK: Oh, I just did that for a gag.

ROCH: WELL THEY MUST BE LAUGHING, YOUR FIRST CHECK CAME TODAY.

JACK: Rochester, stop making things up...Now look at my birth certificate.

ROCH: I'M LOOKING AT IT.

JACK: Now in the space where it says "Date of Birth"..what's there?

ROCH: A HOLE.

ATX01 0312133

JACK: A hole in the paper?

ROCH: YEAH, WE ERASED IT ONCE TOO OFTEN.

JACK: Oh..well then there's nothing I can do..and I'll have to take my sister's word for it..

ROCH: I GUESS SO, BOSS..YOUR SISTER MUST BE RIGHT.

JACK: Yep...I'm thirty-nine...Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE...OH SAY, BOSS...HEE HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What? *are you laughing at?*

ROCH: AREN'T WE DEVILS?

JACK: You and me?

ROCH: NO, ME AND YOUR SISTER.

JACK: Yeah yeah....Goodbye, Rochester, *goodbye.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312134

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, CARE food packages have been improved and increased with more meats and fats that means health to hungry children and families overseas. Twenty-two and one-half pounds of life giving food for ten dollars. Delivery guaranteed. Send your contribution to non-profit CARE, Los Angeles, or New York. That's C A R E, CARE, Los Angeles or New York.
(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack, will be back in just a moment, but first....

ATX01 0312135

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 13, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: You see, Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're
low ... calms you down when you're tense.

SHARBUTT: It's good to know that fine tobacco can do this for you.
And that's why it's so important that you select and
smoke the cigarette of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike!
For as you know -

MARTIN: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! No wonder more
independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen -- smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the
next two leading brands combined. Yes, Luckies are
the overwhelming choice of the men who really know
tobacco.

MARTIN: So when you choose your cigarette, remember that Luckies
fine tobacco puts you on the right level to feel your
best and do your best. That's the Lucky level.

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?
Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense -
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (BUTTON)

ATX01 0312136

(TAG)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Come on, Mary, the car's right around the corner, I'll drive you home.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: You know, Mary, that was a pretty good program we just did, but I think--

MEL: HEY, BENNY...PENNY...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh? Oh, it's you, Mr. Fink.

MEL: Yeah..don't you know some program I can go on and win a refrigerator?

JACK: No, I don't....Come on, Mary.

MEL: Well, I'm gonna get a refrigerator even if I have to buy one.

JACK: Well, I don't care if----Buy one?....Get in the car, Mister.

MARY: Jack--

JACK: Let him sit in the front, Mary it's more comfortable...
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

~~DON~~

~~Don't miss the new Baby Strike program, for Baby Strike~~
~~starting Monday, October 1st, 1968, 8:00 PM, on CBS.~~
~~"Baby Strike" is the new Baby Strike program.~~

~~Stay tuned to CBS for the new Baby Strike program.~~

~~Immediately...This is CBS..THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.~~

ATX01 0312137

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

AS BROADCAST

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE February 20, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

SCRIPT #21
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1949

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0312139

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 20, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

SONG: (MUSICAL INTRO)

Feeling low?

Feeling tense?

These eight words are common sense:

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you light up a Lucky....because Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low...calms you down when you're tense...puts you on the right level to feel and do your level best.

SHARBUTT: It's important to know that fine tobacco can do this for you. And

MARTIN: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco....smooth, mild, thoroughly enjoyable tobacco.

MARTIN: So next time you buy cigarettes, remember--Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low...calms you down when you're tense...puts you on the Lucky level--where you feel your best and do your best! Yes....

SHARBUTT: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

ATK01 0312140

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY.. WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO BACK ABOUT AN HOUR..JACK IS IN HIS DRESSING ROOM GETTING READY FOR THE BROADCAST.

JACK: Rochester, did you run over and get me a sandwich?

ROCH: YEAH, BOSS..HERE IT IS.

JACK: Good.

(SOUND: PAPER UNWRAPPING)

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes..sardines..ROCHESTER, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS?

JACK: YOU NEVER GET ANYTHING RIGHT..WHEN I SEND YOU FOR A CHICKEN SANDWICH, YOU BRING ME HAM..WHEN I ASK YOU FOR A HAM SANDWICH YOU BRING ME CHEESE..WHEN I ASK YOU FOR ~~CHEESE~~ CHEESE ~~SARDINES~~, YOU BRING ME EGG..WHEN I ASK YOU FOR ~~EGG~~ EGG ~~SARDINES~~, YOU BRING ME TURKEY..AND TODAY YOU BRING ME A SARDINE SANDWICH..NOW WHAT DID I SEND YOU FOR?

ROCH: A SARDINE SANDWICH.

JACK: ...Oh yes, I forgot...But look, Rochester, I figured you'd make a mistake..I asked you for a sardine sandwich because I wanted Corned Beef.

ROCH: I ^{forgot that} ~~forgot~~, BUT THEY WERE OUT OF CORNED BEEF SO I BROUGHT YOU SARDINES.

ATX01 0312141

JACK: All right, I'll eat the sardine sandwich..Did you get me a bottle of Coca Cola?

ROCH: YES BOSS, HERE IT IS.

JACK: Wait a minute, this is Root Beer.

ROCH: THAT'S FUNNY, I ASKED FOR SEVEN-UP.

JACK: Oh fine...well, at least you got the sandwich on rye... How did that happen?

ROCH: OH, WE NEVER DID HAVE TROUBLE WITH THE BREAD.

JACK: ~~Oh, my, that's right.~~..Well, I better eat it in a hurry... Oh, darn it.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER? ~~████████~~

JACK: When I ^{*picked up*} ~~████████~~ the sandwich, the sardines slipped out and went into my sleeve...Help me get them out..What a mess.....Well, I'll eat after the broadcast...Now help me finish dressing.

ROCH: OKAY...WHICH TOUPAY DO YOU WANT, BOSS, THE ONE WITH THE PART IN THE MIDDLE, OR THE PART ON THE SIDE?

JACK: Didn't you bring the black one with the widow's peak?

ROCH: OH, YOU CAN'T WEAR THAT TOUPAY ANY MORE.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: IT TURNED GRAY WHILE YOU WERE DICKERING WITH C.B.S.

JACK: Oh stop...Dusty maybe, but gray no....Now, Rochester--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: WHO IS IT?

MARY: (OFF) IT'S ME, JACK.

JACK: COME ON IN, MARY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ATX01 0312142

MARY: Jack, did you take my fountain pen?

JACK: ^{yes} Yes..here you are, Mary. ^{you know - I used it} I just put down a wonderful joke

I want you to do on the program and surprise the cast..

Here, read it.

MARY:Oh, for heaven's sakes, Jack..another joke about my sister Babe!

JACK: Well, it's funny...go ahead and read it...I wanta hear how it'll sound on the program, *go ahead.*

MARY: Oh, all right...."SAY, JACK, MY SISTER BABE LOST HER JOB IN THAT RESTAURANT..."

JACK: "BUT MARY, SHE WAS WITH THAT RESTAURANT FIVE YEARS..HOW COME THEY LET HER GO?"

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) "THEY'VE GOT A CAT TO CATCH ~~THE~~ ^{their} MICE NOW."

JACK: "OH, POOR BABE...AND AFTER SHE LET HER FINGERNAILS GROW."

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Jack, we can't say a thing like that about Babe.

JACK: Why not? That's a funny joke.

MARY: Joke nothing, ^{it} ~~that~~ really happened to her.

JACK: Oh well then we won't do the gag..I don't wanta hurt her feelings...I'll think of something else.

MARY: Say Jack, I meant to ask you..are you really going on the Ford Theatre Program March Fourth?

JACK: Yes Mary, I certainly am.

MARY: Well, I hope you're not serious about doing "The Horn Blows At Midnight."

ROCH: OH-OH, MISS LIVINGSTONE, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.

ATX01 0312143

JACK: Rochester, what's wrong with mentioning "The Horn Blows At Midnight?"

ROCH: IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME, BUT *the eye bread turned white*
~~AT THE SARDINE STANDS OUTSIDE YOUR~~
~~CHAMBER.~~

~~SACK: "WHAT?"~~

~~ROCH: NOW CAN WE GET SOME MORE SARDINES?~~

JACK: ~~Rochester~~, don't be funny...Now look, Mary, I'm still going to do that play on the Ford Theater..Fletcher Markle, the director, gave me a contract and that's that. Now come on, let's get out on the stage.

MARY: Wait a minute, you're not going to do the program in that polo shirt.

JACK: Why, what's wrong with a polo shirt? Clark Gable wears one.

MARY: So what? Jane Russel wears sweaters but I'm a suit gal myself.

JACK: All right, all right...~~Now~~ *Mary* come on, let's get out on stage.

(~~SOUND: DOOR OPENS~~)

~~MARY: "Jack, I've gotta change at my dressing room. I'll see you later."~~

~~JACK: "Okay, okay."~~

(~~SOUND: DOOR CLOSING~~)

~~JACK: "She's a sweet kid. I can't understand why the Hay Company even let her go to school..."~~

~~ARTIE: "Hello, Mr. Bonny."~~

~~SACK: "Oh, hello, Mr. Kitchel."~~

(~~ATTEMPT~~)

(~~SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP~~)

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, I came down to ask you if I could get some tickets to your broadcast for my bowling club.

JACK: Why certainly, Mr. Kitzel...but I didn't know you belonged to a bowling club.

ARTIE: It was my wife's idea...She wants to lose a little weight.

JACK: Oh, is she heavy?

ARTIE: Heavy? HOO HOO HOO HOO..On the day we were married, her father and I could hardly carry her over the threshold.

JACK: Her father?

ARTIE: It was his house, we were moving in, let him help.

JACK: Oh...oh.

ARTIE: What a job...We had to carry her pony back.

JACK: You mean piggy back.

ARTIE: Let well enough alone.

JACK: Oh yes...Well, Mr. Kitzel...I think it was very smart of your wife to join a bowling club.

ARTIE: Some bowling club. They need new equipment..every ball I picked up had holes in it.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, a bowling ball is supposed to have holes in it...they're for your fingers...and one hole is for your thumb.

ARTIE: That I am finding out to my sorrow.

JACK: Oh, did something happen to you?

ARTIE: No, to the man who runs the delicatessen..A bowling ball got stuck to his thumb...That was three weeks ago and he hasn't got it off yet.

ATX01 0312145

JACK: ~~Excuse me, that's all right.~~

ARTIE: ~~What's the matter? I'm not doing anything wrong.~~
~~He's not a man, he's a woman, he's a woman, he's a woman.~~

~~He's not a man, he's a woman, he's a woman, he's a woman.~~

ARTIE: ~~You're (JACKSON) My!~~

JACK: ~~I know that woman, she's a woman, she's a woman.~~
~~write her my program.~~

ARTIE: ~~What I would like very much, I can't.~~

JACK: ~~What's the matter?~~

ARTIE: ~~I am a woman, I am a woman, on the other hand, I am a woman.~~

JACK: ~~Oh, well, I am a woman, I am a woman, I am a woman.~~
~~He's not a man, he's a woman, he's a woman, he's a woman.~~

ARTIE: ~~Thank you, (SHE SINGS) WHEN I AM A WOMAN, I AM A WOMAN.~~
~~SMILING, SHE SINGS, SHE SINGS.~~

(ARTIE SINGS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ~~Oh, maybe I oughta --~~

MARY: ~~Here I am, Jack, let's go into the kitchen.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(BAND IN-MEANS TUNE)

JACK: HEY, PHIL... PHIL... *Phil... Phil*

PHIL: HOLD IT, ~~HEY~~, HOLD IT, HOLD IT. *Hold it.*

(MUSIC STOPS)

PHIL: *Look Jackson,* Look Jackson, what did you stop us for? We were rehearsing a number.

ATX01 0312146

JACK: I know, Phil, but I just wanted to compliment you on trying to improve the orchestra. I notice you've got a harp this week.

PHIL: Yeah, but we can't use it any more, Jackson, that was a mistake.

JACK: Why, what happened?

PHIL: During rehearsal Frankie woke up, saw the harp, and thought he was dead.

JACK: No!

PHIL: Then he tried to fly over the piano and almost broke his neck.

JACK: Well, it serves him right for sleeping during rehearsal... ~~there's plenty of time for that during the rehearsal...~~

MARY: Jack, let's run through our parts till the others get here.

JACK: Okay...Here, Phil, take a script.

PHIL: Look Jackson, I don't need no script...I'm loaded with jokes.

JACK: Phil, take a script.

PHIL: I thought of a gag that's a dilly..Get this..On my way down to the studio I stopped off at a bar.

JACK: Phil, take a script.

PHIL: And while I was there, I met a fellow who came from Venice, Italy.

JACK: Phil --

PHIL: So I bought him a drink, ~~and~~ he bought me a drink... then I bought him a drink ^{then} ~~and~~ he bought me a drink..

JACK: Phil, ~~take a script.~~

ATX01 0312147

PHIL: We kept buying each other drinks for a couple of hours
and when I walked out, he was under the table.

JACK: ^{Phil} Phil, take a script.

PHIL: ^{Well} Don't you get it, Jackson, the guy was from Venice, a
Venetian.

JACK: So what?

PHIL: I'm the only guy ^{who ever drank} ~~in the world to drink~~ a Venetian Blind...
HA HA HA HA ^{Oh, say --} ...OH HARRIS...IF YOU LIVED IN BEVERLY HILLS,
THEY'D BLOW UP YOUR HOUSE.

JACK: Phil --

PHIL: ^{Don't lead me off Jackson} I'm rolling now, ~~now~~...Hey, ^{Lev} ~~Lev~~, how did you
like that joke? ^{Lover?}

MARY: Phil, take a script.

JACK: Thanks, Mary...and don't get too close to ^{Phil} ~~him~~, he might
exhale and disintegrate your nylons...^{now look at} Now let's cut
out ^{all} this foolishness and get down to ---

DON: Oh Jack...Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello Don. ^{Hello.}

DON: The quartet is here so you better rehearse them first.

JACK: Oh, the Sportsmen?..All right...^{say} did you tell the boys that
instead of a popular song, I wanted something a little
different this week. ^{you know --} something classical..You know we
have music-lovers listening in, ^{now} ~~now~~

DON: Yes Jack, and they have a wonderful number prepared...
It's Ponchielli's Dance of the Hours from La Gioconda.

JACK: OH, I -- what was that, Don?

ATX01 0312148

DON: Ponchielli's Dance Of the Hours from La Gioconda.

JACK: Oh yes, that's what I hoped you said...Phil, can your musicians play Ponchielli's Dance of the Hours from La Gioconda?

PHIL: Yeah, but it'll ^{still} sound like That's What I Like About The South.

JACK: ^{Look at} I don't want that...have them play what's written.. Take it, boys...

ATX01 0312149

QUART: IF YOU ARE FEELING LOW, IF YOUR NERVES ARE TENSE,
THEN YOU SHOULD LISTEN FOR IT IS COMMON SENSE.
WHEN ^{you are} ~~TENSE~~ TENSE, LIGHT UP A LUCKY AND FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST
YOUR LEVEL BEST.
PUFF ON A LUCKY, YOU SHOULD PUFF ON A LUCKY
TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF
CAUSE WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL NEVER GET ENOUGH OF A LUCKY
GET ENOUGH OF A LUCKY
SURE ENOUGH, SURE ENOUGH, YOU WILL LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE.
MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO.
SMOKE A LUCKY
ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED, SO
SMOKE A LUCKY
UP ON ^a ~~THE~~ LUCKY LEVEL, UP ON ^a ~~THE~~ LUCKY LEVEL
THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL BE WHEN YOU'RE PUFFING ON A LUCKY
SO YOU SEE, LIGHT AN L S M F T
TAKE A LUCKY FROM YOUR VEST, MAKE A TEST
YOU WILL FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST
FOR LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
SUCH LIGHT AND FINE AND MILD TOBACCO
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
L S, L S, M F, L S, L S, M F
L S, L S, L S, M F T, L S M F T.
F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, F T,
F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, F T,
OH L S M F T, F T, F T, F T.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312150

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-11-

JACK: Don, ^{Don} that was a wonderful number you prepared with the boys. Ponchielli's Dance of the Hours from La Cienega.

DON: ^{Oh yes} No, Jack... ^{That's} La Gioconda.

JACK: Oh yes, that's below Sepulveda... And Phil ^{I had his, but I changed it - you know, Sepulveda is funnier than this} your orchestra did surprisingly well.

PHIL: What're you so surprised about? I haven't told you this, but they want my band to play at the Academy Award ceremonies.

~~PHIL: Are they friends?~~

~~PHIL: You wouldn't know what the Academy Award is. It's a little statue that they give for --~~

JACK: ^{Really?} ~~I can't imagine anyone...~~ But Phil, why in the world would they want your band to play for the Academy Awards?

PHIL: Well, we play loud and it'll drown out the screams of the losers.

JACK: ...well Phil, I don't believe that you or your band --
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Jack, look who it is!

JACK: Oh yes... Fletcher Markle... Hello, Mr. Markle.

MARKLE: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

MARKLE: Jack, I hope I'm not interrupting, but....

JACK: That's quite all right, Fletcher... I suppose you've come over to discuss my appearance on the Ford Theater.

MARKLE: Yes, that's exactly why I'm here.

ATX01 0312151

JACK: Good ^{God}. Is it something about the casting?

MARKLE: No, not the casting.

JACK: Oh....is it about the rehearsals?

MARKLE: No, not rehearsals.

JACK: Oh...Is it about the picture I selected to do?

MARKLE: Yes, it stinks.

JACK: What?

*MARKLE: Jack, as director of the Ford Theatre --
If it stinks why are you laughing - what were going to say?*

MARKLE: ~~As~~ ^{really} as director of the Ford Theater, I beg you ~~not~~ ^{really} don't do this. ~~on~~ on our program.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mr. Markle...you signed a contract with me, didn't you?

MARKLE: Yes, but you tricked me..that contract said you were going to do an adventure story of the sea..called "Sailing Around Cape Horn."

JACK: ^{Well} You didn't read the small type in the contract...The full title was "Sailing Around Cape Horn Blows At Midnight"... And that's what I'm going to do.

MARY: Jack, I think Mr. Markle is right...that script isn't suitable for radio.

JACK: I know that. ^{now} but I went through the screen play, eliminated all the dull stuff, and I'm just going to do the part that sparkled.

MARKLE: Mr. Benny, we have an hour program...not a spot announcement.

JACK: I know it's an hour program...And I'm going to do the Horn ^{until he's a great show, believe it or not} Blows At Midnight and ~~for my leading lady I want you to~~ ~~get us~~ --

ATX01 0312152

~~MARKLE:~~ Jack, please. I beg you. I beseech you, do anything
~~but that.~~

~~JACK:~~ I'm not doing anything. I've made up my mind, and
for my leading lady I want you to get me --

~~MARKLE:~~ Jack, please. there are so many other pictures. Why
~~can't you --~~

~~JACK:~~ There are no other pictures suited for me, and I'm going
to. Wait a minute. Wait a minute, Mr. Markle, supposing
I don't do a picture at all, how would you like it if
I just come on your program and give a violin recital?
.....How?

~~MARKLE:~~ Who do you want for your leading lady?

~~JACK:~~ Oh... well, I'll leave the casting entirely up to you...
and don't worry, for from now to midnight will be a

~~great show. So long, Fletcher.~~ *Will there's nothing I can do about it. Jack: So long, Mr. Markle.*

~~MARKLE:~~ So long, Jack. *Markle!* Oh by the way, when you signed that
contract, there was one thing I neglected to get for our
records.....What is your Social Security Number?

JACK: Two.

MARKLE:Two?

MARY: Al Jolson is number one!

JACK: Yes, we got there early....So long, Fletcher...see you
March Fourth.

MARKLE: Goodbye, Jack...(TO HIMSELF) To be, or not to be, that
is the question..whether tis wiser to use gas and smell
up the house, or use a pistol and mess up the rug.

ATX01 0312153

JACK: What did you say, Fletcher?

MARKLE: Nothing, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack, I can't understand you.

JACK: Why, Don?

DON: Well, if they're so set against your doing the Horn Blows
At Midnight, why do you insist on ~~doing~~ it?

JACK: Because once and for all, I'm going to prove to everyone
that it's a great story... ^{now don't -} imagine this plot... The Chief of
the Planets sends an angel down to earth to blow a
trumpet and destroy the whole world... and I'm the Angel.

(HARP PLAYS FAST ARPEGGIO)

JACK: Now cut that out... I try to do something dignified and
^{cut it in and - I never saw anything -}
everybody has to ~~to~~ --- Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello Mr. Benny, congratulate me.

JACK: Congratulate you? Why?

DENNIS: I just sold my bicycle for ten thousand dollars.

JACK: ^{you} You what?

DENNIS: Yeah....look, here's the check.

JACK: Let me see that... Pay to the order of Dennis Day, Ten
thousand--- ^{oh} --- For heaven's sake, kid.. this check isn't even
signed.

DENNIS: I noticed that but I didn't want to mention it.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: When a man gives you ten thousand dollars for a bicycle,
why antagonize him?

ATX01 0312154

JACK: Holy Smoke!

MARY: Dennis, I'm afraid you were cheated...Didn't you even get the name of the man who bought it?

DENNIS: Oh, sure...He told me his name all right.

JACK: What was it?

DENNIS: Napoleon Bonaparte.

JACK: Oh, fine.

MARY: Dennis, don't you know anything? Napoleon Bonaparte has been dead for over a hundred years.

DENNIS: He has?

JACK: Certainly.

DENNIS: Then what does he want with a bicycle?

JACK: Now look, Dennis, ^{Dennis my child - look} instead of having any more of this nonsense, ^{look at} how about running through your song?

DENNIS: Okay...by the way Mr. Benny, Happy Birthday.

JACK: My birthday was last week.

DENNIS: I know, but that bubble dancer was held over.

JACK: Good good...Now what number are you gonna do?

DENNIS: The title song from Walt Disney's picture, "So Dear To My Heart."

JACK: All right, ^{let's} ~~let me~~ hear it.

^{for us. Okay} (APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "SO DEAR TO MY HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

ATK01 0312155

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-16-

JACK: *That's* That's a very good song, Dennis, and you sang it beautifully.

DENNIS: You're just saying that because I'm rich now.

JACK: Dennis, that check's no good.

DENNIS: You never like anything that anybody else has..

JACK: Oh, quiet..Dennis, this is the last time I'm going to compliment you on your singing because everytime I do you start *right in* -

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes sir, is there---Well, it's Jack Warner of the

(applause) Warner Brothers Studios.

WARNER: Hello, Jack.

~~(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)~~

BENNY: *Hello.* Well, this is a surprise..What can I do for you, Mr. Warner?

WARNER: Well Jack, I just heard the news about your making an appearance on the Ford Theatre.

BENNY: Yes, Mr. Warner, on March Fourth..and I'm going to do The Horn Blows At Midnight.

WARNER: That's ^{just} what I want to talk to you about.

BENNY: What?

WARNER: Look, Jack, you made *the* ~~that~~ picture for us in 1944, didn't you?

BENNY: That's right. It was for the Warner Brothers.

WARNER: Well since then our studio has produced "The Adventures of Don Juan," "Life With Father", "Key Largo," "John Loves Mary," and this year our two pictures "Johnny Belinda" and *"The"* "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" are up for Academy Awards.

ATX01 0312156

BENNY: So?

WARNER: So we're rolling again, let us alone.

BENNY: ^{now - now} Now just a minute, Mr. Warner...How can you say that?

You yourself told me that when The Horn Blows At Midnight was shown in Hollywood, the theatre made money.

WARNER: That's ^{right --} ~~balance~~ we rented ~~out~~ ^{out} the balcony as a trailer camp.

BENNY: But Mr. Warner, you can't put all the blame on me...

When you did that picture, you made one big mistake.

WARNER: ^{yeah} I know, we put film in the camera.

BENNY: ^{Look} Mr. Warner, that's an old joke.

WARNER: ^{yeah} If I had anything new, I'da put it in the picture.

BENNY: Well, I'm sorry, but I still think it's a great story. ^{say - if you didn't produce it good - what can I do? But if you had listened to me} ~~that~~ if you had listened to me while we were making it,

"The Horn Blows At Midnight" would've been a terrific hit.

WARNER: Jack, we tried everything...we even made a lot of retakes....It was awful how we threw money away on that picture.

BENNY: Threw money away?

WARNER: ^{over} ~~over~~ we spent five hundred thousand dollars for a new finish and nobody ever stayed to see it.

BENNY: ^{now wonder you can't see good pictures you just over did - now look you} ~~Well, that's not my fault, I think that picture had great possibilities. I want to tell you something - all of that about "Life Blows at Midnight" was not all my fault. I think that picture had great possibilities.~~

WARNER: No Jack, it missed both ways.

BENNY: Both ways? What do you mean?

WARNER: If it had been a little better, we might have gotten our money back in theatres.

ATX01 0312157

BENNY: Yes ...?

WARNER: And if it were a little worse, it would be .. be a natural for television.

BENNY: Never m-m-mind television ... It's going to be ... I tell you - Mr. Warner - it's going to be great when I do it on the Ford Theatre.

WARNER: All right, Jack ... if you won't listen to reason ... maybe you'll listen to this ... We'll give you five FIF thousand dollars not to do it.

BENNY: No!

WARNER: Ten thousand dollars.

BENNY: I'm sorry, Mr. Warner, but money means nothing to me.

MARY: I've got to listen to the repeat show and see if he really heard that.

BENNY: See if I really heard that.

MARY: See if I really heard that.

BENNY: You ought to make your pictures with Jack Warner. I know we rehearsed this. I know it. Anything else, huh? ... What?

WARNER: Just a little shaky ...

BENNY: Huh?

WARNER: If I had a pair of dice in my hands it would be very nice.

BENNY: Alright, read just what's there, that's all. Read just what's there. Come on. Here it is. Wait a minute ... here it is here ... Well Jack ...

WARNER: Oh yeah ... Oh I see ...

BENNY: Go ahead.

WARNER: You didn't say Mary ...

BENNY: I say Mary please ... you've got the next line.

WARNER: Well, Jack, here's my final offer .. my brother Harry and I are willing to take you into the firm, and make you one of the Warner Brothers.

BENNY: No ... I'm afraid not ... that means I'd have to change my name.

WARNER: If you do the picture ... we're going to change ours.

BENNY: I'm sorry, but my mind is made up ... I'm going to do "The Horn Blows At Midnight" on the radio, and that's final, Mr. Warner!

WARNER: Just call me Sam Goldwyn.

BENNY: What?

ATX01 031215B

Warner: You... you heard me. Just call me Sam Goldwyn.
Benny: He's got to say goodbye first...
Warner: Goodbye, Jack. Goodbye... I can get a fifty dollar actor to play
Jack: Goodbye, Jack. Goodbye... I had to get the Jack Warner.
WARNER: Goodbye, Jack.
BENNY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: *Jack* - Jack, I've never seen you so determined....Why didn't you consider his offer of going in with the Warner Brothers?

BENNY: I'll tell you why...because I have my own company...I just produced a picture myself called "The Lucky Stiff" and there's a wonderful article about it in the new Liberty Magazine.

DENNIS: I know, Mr. Benny, I saw it.

BENNY: You saw the article in Liberty about me, Dennis...What did it say?

DENNIS: "Reading Time Eleven Minutes."

BENNY: Look, Dennis ---

DENNIS: But I made it in nine.

BENNY: What?

DENNIS: I had my bicycle then.

BENNY: Dennis, I don't care about the reading time...what did the article say about ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

MARY: I'll get it, Jack.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: HELLO....NEW YORK CALLING?.....YES, HE'S HERE.....

Jack, it's Mr. William Paley the head of C.B.S.

ATX01 0312159

JACK: *Oh*...I wonder what he wants....Hello, Mr. Paley...Yes yes, this is Jack....Oh yes, I'm feeling fine...How are you?... Good good...What?.....Yes *yes* that's right...on March the Fourth.....Yes, I know the Ford Theatre is on C.B.S., and you wanta hear something funny? Fletcher Markle and Jack Warner came over and tried to talk me out of doing "The Horn--.....What?.....Now, just a.....I know, Mr. Paley, but....But, Mr. Paley....but....but...but...but.... but.....but.....but..... but....*why*.. Why, Mr. Pa---....WELL!.....I'm sorry, Mr. Paley, but I've made up my mind *and* I'm going to do "The Horn Blows At Midnight" on the Ford Theatre March Fourth and that's final.....Yes, Mr. Paley....Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hummmmm.

MARY: (BEWILDERED) Jack...Jack...how could you talk to Mr. Paley like that?

JACK: (VERY DRAMATIC) Mary, there comes a time in every man's life when he must have the courage of his convictions.. when he must have faith in his *own* judgment so he can stand up and face the world with pride and *with* dignity.

MARY: Jack, what's that sticking out of your sleeve?

JACK: Huh?...Oh, it's a sardine...It must've gotten caught in my suspenders.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312160

~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, CARE food packages have been improved and increased with more meats and fats that means health to hungry children and families overseas. Twenty-two and one-half pounds of life-giving food for ten dollars. Delivery guaranteed. Send your contribution to non-profit CARE, Los Angeles, or New York. That's C A R E, CARE, Los Angeles or New York.~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

DON: Jack, will be back in just a moment, but first....

ATX01 0312161

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 20, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Yes, friends, when you're feeling low, Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up! And when you're tense, Luckies' fine tobacco calms you down. That's what fine tobacco can do for you!

SHARBUTT: And that's why it's so important that you select and smoke the cigarette of fine tobacco--Lucky Strike! For as you know:

MARTIN: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! No wonder Luckies are the overwhelming choice of the tobacco experts--men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

MARTIN: So when you choose your cigarette, remember that Luckies' fine tobacco puts you on the right level--the Lucky level where you feel your best--and do your best. Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?
Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense:
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (BUTTON)

ATX01 0312162

(TAG)

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

MARY: It was nice of you to drive me home, Jack.

BENNY: That's all right, Mary..Glad to do it...Look out, Rochester, there's a red light..better stop.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

MARKLE: GET YOUR EVENING PAPER HERE..GET YOUR EVENING PAPER HERE.

MARY: Wait a minute..Fletcher..Fletcher Markle, what are you doing out on the corner selling papers?

MARKLE: If Jack does the Horn Bloop At Midnight I'll need a new job, so I might as well get an early start...GET YOUR EVENING PAPER..

BENNY: Hmm. Drive on, Rochester.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

WARNER: (ON CUR) MAPS TO THE MOVIE STARS HOMES..MAPS TO THE MOVIE STARS HOMES.

MARY: Look, it's Jack Warner.

BENNY: Come on Mary..let's go..he may want me to buy one.

(APPLAUSE AND FLAMING)

Jack Warner, Fletcher Markle and Jack Warner's goodnight song.

DON: Be sure to hear the C.B.S. Sunday line-up every week, and don't miss Dennis Day in "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day.

DON: Stay tuned in for "The Amos 'n' Andy Show" which follows immediately over most of these same stations.....This is C.B.S....The Columbia Broadcasting System.

ATK01 0312163

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

AS BROADCAST

DATE February 27, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

KA-925

ATX01 0312164

SCRIPT #22
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY SHOW

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1949 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0312165

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 27, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?
Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense:
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: Your level best! That's just how you'll feel when you
light up a Lucky, because Luckies' fine tobacco picks
you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're
tense.

SHARBUTT: Yes, friends, Luckies' fine tobacco puts you on the
right level to feel and do your level best.

MARTIN: It's important to know that fine tobacco can do this
for you. And ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

MARTIN: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... smooth, mild
thoroughly enjoyable tobacco.

SHARBUTT: So next time you buy cigarettes, get a carton of Lucky
Strike and get on the right level -- the Lucky level
where you feel your best and do your best. Yes ...

MARTIN: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

ATX01 0312166

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY, WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE HE IS WAITING FOR PROFESSOR LE BLANC TO ARRIVE AND GIVE HIM A VIOLIN LESSON. AT THE MOMENT, THE PROFESSOR IS APPROACHING THE HOUSE.

MEL: There is Monsieur Benny's house...~~In one more minute I will be there~~.....Oh, why did I have to become a violin teacher?.....~~I would gladly die~~...and if there is such a thing as reincarnation, I would be happy to come back as a pig or a dog.....But with my luck, I would come back as a cat and end up on Monsieur Benny's violin.....~~Oh, why do I have to go through this every week? Why does this have to happen to me, why? Why? WHY? WHY?~~

HERB: ~~Hey, wait a minute, buddy, wait a minute...What's all this racket? What's the matter with you?~~

MEL: ~~Forgive me officer. I always get upset when I have to give Monsieur Benny a violin lesson.~~

HERB: ~~Well, if it upsets you so much, why do you continue to teach him?~~

MEL: ~~I am forced to do it for my country...la Belle France.~~

HERB: ~~For your country? You're forced to give Mr. Benny violin lessons? I don't understand?~~

ATK01 0312167

MEL: ~~Neither do I, but it is all somehow tied in with the~~
~~Marshall Plan.~~

HERB: ~~What?~~

MEL: ~~I can't say but my people eat.~~

HERB: ~~Oh, I see....Well I've got to run along, Mister...Just~~
~~keep out of trouble.~~

MEL: ~~Thank you, officer.~~

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS... FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS...

DOOR BUZZER.....DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, Professor *la Blanc*!

MEL: How do you do, Monsieur Benny.

JACK: You were supposed to be here for my lesson yesterday.
Why didn't you come?

MEL: Last Sunday I heard that you were going to be on the
Ford Theatre program and do "The Horn Blows at Midnight."

JACK: Yes, yes.

MEL: With eighteen million Fords on the road, I figured at
least one of them would hit you.

JACK: No no, I was careful.....Well, come on, Professor, let's
go in the den and start the lesson.

MEL: Oui.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now, I'll get my violin and....Hmmm...that's funny...it
was here a few minutes ago.....OH ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER....

ROCH: (OFF) JUST A MINUTE, BOSS, I'M BURYING SOMETHING IN THE
BACKYARD.

ATX01 0312168

JACK: WHAT?.....ROCHESTER, WHAT'RE YOU BURYING?

ROCH: OUR THANKGIVING TURKEY, I'M SICK OF IT.

JACK: Oh, for a minute I was worried....COME ^{on} IN HERE.

MEL: Monsieur Benny, if you like, I would gladly come back some other time.

JACK: No no, Professor, don't worry....we'll find it.

ROCH: WHAT IS IT, BOSS?

JACK: Rochester, my violin is missing.

ROCH: IT IS?

JACK: Yes, I've looked everywhere, and it's gone.

ROCH: WELL, WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR, LET'S OPEN A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE!

JACK: Rochester, this is no time to be funny....Now help me find it.

ROCH: OKAY, OKAY.....Now let me see.....If I was Mr. Benny's violin, what would I do?...I'd take ~~out~~ the strings ^{off} and lash myself to death.

JACK: Now stop that.....Rochester, my violin just couldn't --

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

JACK: Well, how do you like that...somebody put ~~my violin~~ ^{it} in the fireplace under these old newspapers.

(SOUND: LOUD SCRATCH OF MATCH)

JACK: Professor, put out that match.

MEL: Oui, Monsieur.

JACK: Rochester, why did you put my violin in the fireplace?

ROCH: I THOUGHT IT WOULD SOUND BETTER IF IT WAS BARBECUED.

ATX01 0312169

JACK: What?

ROCH: SAVE THE NECK FOR ME.

JACK: Cut that out....I'm going to take my violin lesson so you can leave now.

ROCH: OUI, MONSIEUR.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

MEL: Monsieur Benny, let us commence.

JACK: Okay.

MEL: Start with "Menuet L'Antique."

JACK: Yes, ~~yes~~ *yes - oh well.*

(JACK PLAYS "MENUET L'ANTIQUE")

MEL: No no, Monsieur Benny....not DA DA DA, DA DA DA DA.....I told you so many times.....You must slide ...DA UUMPH DA, UUMPH DA.....Now try it again and this time slide up the string.

JACK: *yes* Yes sir...(PLAYS PIECE..ON SECOND SLIDE GOES WAY UP)
WAS THAT
Woops!....¹was that too high?

MEL: I think so, you knocked off your toupay.

JACK: *Oh* Oh....excuse me a minute....There.....Shall I try it once more?

MEL: Yes, but turn around and face me.

JACK: *1* I am facing you.

MEL: Oh yes. You put your toupay on backwards.

JACK: I did not, this is the one with the bangs.

MEL: Oh.....Now try it once more, and hold the bow firmly.

JACK: *Oh* Yes sir...²a bow is a wonderful thing, isn't it?

MEL: Oui, Monsieur.....now try it once more.

ATK01 0312170

JACK: (STARTS TO PLAY PIECE AND STOPS)

You know, Professor....it's hard to believe that this music
is coming from a horse's tail.

ME: It is not hard to believe.

JACK: What?

ME: Proceed.

JACK: Yes sir.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ME: That sounds better.

JACK: That's the door buzzer.....OH ROCHESTER, ANSWER THE DOOR....
ROCHESTER.....Excuse me, Professor, I'll have to get it.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~(SINGS) "Sing - 'Oh, Magic'"~~
~~WORKING LOW, I'M NO LONGER, THESE EIGHT WORDS ARE~~

~~COMMON SENSE (DOOR BUZZER) A. LOCKY --~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: I came to say goodbye, I'm running away from home.

JACK: ^{You're}
You're what?

DENNIS: I'm running away from home.

JACK: Dennis, what're you talking about...running away from home?

Don't you realize what that will do to your parents?

It'll break their hearts....What've you got in that
suitcase, food or clothing?

DENNIS: I don't know, my mother packed it.

JACK: Oh.....Well, come on in.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

ATX01 0312171

JACK: Now look, Dennis...I know that sometimes you have arguments at home, but you oughta change your mind about running away.....After all it won't be long before you'll be missing your mother.

DENNIS: I know, that's why I took along this picture....see.

JACK:Wait a minute...this is a picture of Monty Woolley.

DENNIS: No, it's my mother, I drew a board on it.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake.....Anyway....Dennis stop being silly.....you can't run away from home. ^{I MEAN} What would you do? Where would you go?

DENNIS: ~~I'd go around the world in a boat.~~
~~Well, I'm gonna get myself a boat and go around the world.~~

JACK: ~~Around the world in a boat? Where are you going to get a boat?~~

DENNIS: ^{Upn} They rent them to you at Westlake Park.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ fine....that's a great way to go around the world.

DENNIS: Yeah.

~~JACK: Dennis, before you leave, I want to tell you something....~~
~~These boats that you rent have little motors in them that~~
~~only hold about a gallon and a half of gas....What're you~~
~~gonna do when you get thirty miles in the ocean and you run~~
~~out of gas?~~

~~DENNIS: Oh, I've got a Texaco Credit Card.~~

JACK: ~~Oh, that's good.~~ ^{Hmm} Now look, Marco Shmolo, before you run away from home, how about letting me hear the song you're going to do on ^{the} ~~my~~ program?

DENNIS: Okay.

~~JACK:~~ Come on, let's hear it.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG ----"FOREVER AND EVER")

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312172

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{That was} That was very good, Dennis....You can sing that as you sail
around the world....When are you leaving?

DENNIS: ^{Stop talking about it -} ~~I'm not going now~~, I'm seasick ^{already}.

JACK: Oh....well sit down and rest for a few minutes....next to

Dennis: the window....I've gotta ---
OKAY. ^{SUCK: I've gotta} (SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester...answer the phone....I'm going to finish my
violin lesson.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE....STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN,
RADIO AND HAVE YOUR ^{income} INCOME TAX FILLED OUT BY THE MAN
WHO KNOWS.

PHIL: H'ya, Chester, can I speak to Buttons and Bucks?

ROCH: ^{Just} JUST A MINUTE.....It's for you, Boss.

JACK: Who is it?

ROCH: Bottles and bourbon.

JACK: Oh...oh.....Hello.

PHIL: ^{Hiya} ~~Hello~~, Jackson, this is the Maestro.

JACK: Hello Phil....How are you?

PHIL: ^{Listen Maestro I called you} Swell..., the reason I called ~~to~~, because my orchestra is
forming a baseball team, and I thought you'd be interested.

JACK: A baseball team?

PHIL: Yeah....and I was wondering whether we should call it
"Harris's Hurricanes," or "Benny's Bombers."

RTX01 0312173

JACK: Harris's Hurricanes? That's ridiculous....After all, it is my program, so how can you call the team anything but Benny's Bombers?

PHIL: Okay.....that'll be a hundred and twenty six bucks for the uniforms.

JACK:Oh.....tell me, Phil, when is the first game of Harris' Hurricanes.....Huh?

PHIL: In about three weeks^{next week}...we're playing Kay Kyser's orchestra.

JACK: Well, I hope your boys are better baseball players than they are musicians.

PHIL: They sure are, Jackson...we got a great team....Listen to the line-up. I'm pitching, Sammy the drummer is catching...and Baggy, the piano player is in right field.

JACK: What position is Remley in?

PHIL: Same as always, flat on his back.

JACK: I thought so.

PHIL: I'll pick him up if you wanna say hello to him.

JACK: No no, don't disturb him. Just put a Lucky in his mouth so he'll feel his level best.....^{Say hello to him}Who are the other members of your team?

ATX01 0312174

PHIL: Well, my three saxophone players are in the infield...Billy Smith's on Third...Walter Sharf's on second, and Jimmy Watt's on first.

JACK: Who's on first.

PHIL: No. Watts on first. OH JACKSON, YOU'RE A NATURAL BORN STRAIGHT MAN.

JACK: ^{Look} Look, Costello...What ^{what} other teams are you gonna play?

PHIL: Well, after Kyser, we play Bob Crosby's orchestra, then Russ Morgan's Orchestra and then Phil Spitalny....The one with Spitalny's Orchestra is a night game.

JACK: Oh, with lights?

PHIL: Lights nothing, you think we're crazy?

JACK: Huh?....Oh, oh, OH!!! Oh!

PHIL: Listen, Jackson...why don't you drop around and watch the team practice some time?

JACK: I'll do that...nice of you to call...So long, Phil.

PHIL: So long...Oh, say Jackson...

JACK: Yes?

PHIL: Before I hang up...I wanna ask you what number would you like my orchestra to play on the program next Sunday?

JACK: Oh, I don't know...

PHIL: Well, my band's been rehearsing a swell arrangement of "The Shiek Of Araby."

JACK: Oh, is that song making a comeback?

PHIL: Why...has it been away?

JACK: Certainly, Phil...that song's been dead for over twenty years.

ATX01 0312175

PHIL: Well then we'll play it....we can't hurt it none.
JACK: No, but you can let it rest in peace...Goodbye, Phil.
PHIL: So long, Yonkie.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What a baseball team that's gonna be...
MEL: ^{Monsieur} ~~Mr.~~ Benny, let us finish the violin lesson.
JACK: Oh yes ^{yes} Professor...we'll go right in and --
ROCH: OH BOSS.
JACK: What is it, Rochester.
ROCH: YOU TOLD ME TO REMIND YOU THAT YOU WANTED TO LISTEN TO A
CERTAIN ^{radio} ~~RADIO~~ PROGRAM AT FIVE O'CLOCK.
JACK: Oh yes yes...my girl friend, Daisy Dickinson, is going to
be interviewed. Rochester, turn on the radio.
ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: RADIO CLICK...SOFT STATIC) ^{selling perfume in}

NELSON: AND YOU SAY YOU'VE BEEN ~~working in~~ THAT DEPARTMENT STORE
FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS?
BLANCHE: YES, FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS, EVERY DAY I'VE BEEN BEHIND
THAT PERFUME COUNTER...~~behind the perfume counter, behind~~
NELSON: WELL, THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MISS ---MISS ---
BLANCHE: JUST CALL ME STINKY.
NELSON: THANK YOU.
DENNIS: Mr. Benny, is that your girl friend.?
JACK: No no, of course not
NELSON: AND NOW, CONTINUING OUR SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH PEOPLE
IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE...WE PRESENT ANOTHER YOUNG LADY....
WHAT IS YOUR NAME, MISS?
ELVIA: (SOUTHERN ACCENT) Daisy Dickenson.
JACK: ^{that's} That's her, Dennis...~~That's~~ my girl friend.

ATX01 0312176

NELSON: ~~WELL~~, TELL ME, MISS DICKENSON, WHERE WERE YOU BORN?

ELVIA: WELL SUH, AH WAS BORN WAY DOWN IN ATLANTA.

NELSON: WELL...THEN THAT MAKES YOU A GEORGIA PEACH.

ELVIA: DON'T LET THIS FUZZ ON MY FACE POOL YOU, HONEY.

JACK: Fuzz? A little on her upper lip, she makes a big thing ^{out} of it.

NELSON: WELL ~~TELL ME~~ ^{now}, MISS DICKENSON...WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?

ELVIA: I'M A SECRETARY FOR A RADIO ADVERTISING AGENCY, BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE, AND OSBORN.

NELSON: Oh AN ADVERTISING AGENCY, THAT'S INTERLSTING...I SUPPOSE IN THAT WAY YOU GET TO MEET A LOT OF BIG STARS.

ELVIA: OH, ~~COULD BE THEM~~ ^{yes}, BUT THE ONLY ONE I KNOW REAL WELL IS LITTLE OLE JACK BENNY.

DENNIS: You know, Mr. Benny, I think--

JACK: Shut up, kid, they're talking about me.

NELSON: MISS DICKENSON, PERHAPS YOU CAN GIVE US SOME INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT MR. BENNY.

ELVIA: ^{well} IF IT'S NOT TOO PERSONAL....(GIGGLES)

JACK:Gosh, what a personality.

NELSON: NOW MISS DICKENSON...ON THE RADIO, MR. BENNY PORTRAYS A SOMEWHAT PARSIMONIUS CHARACTER...IS HE THAT STINGY IN REAL LIFE?

ELVIA: GOODNESS, NO...WHY ON OUR VERY FIRST DATE, HE TOOK ME TO CIRO'S...^{oh} WE HAD A WONDERFUL DINNER...AND THE BILL CAME TO TWENTY-ONE DOLLARS AND TWELVE CENTS.

NELSON: HOW DID YOU KNOW THE EXACT AMOUNT OF THE CHECK?

ELVIA: WELL, JACK'S SO PLAYFUL...HE KEPT BLOWING IT OVER TO ME.

NELSON: I SEE.

ATX01 0312177

ELVIA: ^{And} THEN WHEN HE RAN OUT OF BREATH, HE PAID AND WE LEFT.
JACK: You're darned right I paid...Twenty-one Twelve...Wow!
NELSON: WELL, MISS DICKENSON, IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE HAVING YOU AS A GUEST ON OUR PROGRAM...AND BEFORE YOU GO, WE WANT TO GIVE YOU A CASE OF OUR SPONSOR'S PRODUCT...ZINGY-ZESTO, THE BEST BREAKFAST CEREAL OF THEM ALL.

ELVIA: ^{Oh} THANK YOU.

NELSON: REMEMBER, OUR BREAKFAST FOOD DOESN'T SNAP, POP, OR CRACKLE.. IT JUST SITS IN THE BOWL AND MINDS ITS OWN BUSINESS.

JACK: I'll have to get some of that...~~The cereal I eat makes so much noise it gives me headaches.~~

NELSON: THANK YOU, MISS DICKENSON...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... HERE IS OUR NEXT GUEST...YOUR NAME, PLEASE?

DON: DONALD WILSON.

JACK: Hey, Dennis, it's Don Wilson...He didn't tell me he was gonna be on the program.

DENNIS: ^{Well} Maybe he doesn't want pay commission.

JACK: Maybe.

NELSON: DON WILSON...ARE YOU THE RADIO ANNOUNCER?

DON: WELL, THAT'S JUST A SIDELINE...I'M REALLY A GREAT MIMIC... I CAN IMITATE ANYTHING.

NELSON: I SEE...AND WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR MOST NOVEL IMITATION?

DON: MY IMITATION OF A QUARTET..I DO ALL FOUR VOICES.

NELSON: ALL FOUR VOICES?

DON: ^{Yes} ~~Yes~~, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR IT?

NELSON: OOOOOOOOK...WOULD I.

JACK: ^{I wonder what Don's} ~~What's Don~~ trying to do?

ATX01 0312178

DON: ALL RIGHT. ^{just} LISTEN TO THIS...(CLEARS THROAT)...FIRST I WANT TO WARM UP MY FOUR VOICES...MEE MEE...MEE MEE...MEE MEE... MEE MEL.

JACK: ^{Oh} I didn't know Don could do that.

DON: AND WHEN I PUT ALL MY FOUR VOICES TOGETHER, I SOUND LIKE THIS.

QUART: FEELING LOW, FEELING TENSE...THESE EIGHT WORDS ARE COMMON SENSE.

DON: SMOKE A LUCKY

QUART: TO FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST.

DON: SMOKE A LUCKY

QUART: TO FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST.

NELSON: ^{well} THAT WAS WONDERFUL, MR. WILSON...THANK YOU.

BILL: SMOKE A LUCKY ^{to feel your level best.}

NELSON: THAT'S ENOUGH, MR. WILSON.

GUERNY: SMOKE A LUCKY ^{to}

NELSON: MR. WILSON.

MARTY: SMOKE A ~~LUCKY~~

NELSON: MR. WILSON, THAT'S ENOUGH... ^{Thank your four voices and so,} ~~STOP IT!~~

^{Thank you} (APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I didn't know Don could imitate a quartet...He looks like one but ^{I didn't think}

MEL: Monsieur Benny, I am waiting to finish the lesson.

JACK: Oh, of course, Professor...let's go in the other room ~~---~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh Excuse me, Professor. ^{Maybe that's Mary. No one back in Palm Springs.}

(~~SOUND: FOOTSTEPS~~...~~DOOR OPENS~~)

Dennis: Well, they have door buzzers there - -

Jack: Oh quiet.

(Sound - foot steps - door opens)

ATX01 0312179

JACK: Oh, hello Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, I came over to ask you ~~could~~ ^I get some tickets to your broadcast for my bowling club.

JACK: Oh Why certainly, Mr. Kitzel, ~~I~~ I didn't know you belonged to a bowling club.

ARTIE: ^{well} It ~~was~~ was my wife's idea...She wants to lose a little weight.

JACK: Oh Oh, is she heavy?

ARTIE: Heavy? HOO HOO HOO HOO. ^{you know} On the day we ~~was~~ ^{was} married, her father and I could hardly carry her over the threshold.

JACK: Her father?

ARTIE: It was his house, we were moving in, let him help.

JACK: Oh...oh.

ARTIE: What a job. ^{for K. pretty yes.} We had to carry her pony back.

JACK: ^{no} You mean piggy back.

ARTIE: Let well enough alone.

JACK: Oh yes...Well, Mr. Kitzel..I think it was very smart of your wife to join a bowling club.

ARTIE: ^{be smart} Some bowling club. They need new equipment..every ball I picked up had holes in it.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, ^{be smart} a bowling ball is supposed to have holes in it... They're for your fingers, and one hole is for your thumb.

ARTIE: ^{yes} That I ~~am finding~~ ^{found} out to my sorrow.

JACK: Oh did something happen to you?

ARTIE: No, to the man who runs the delicatessen...A bowling ball got stuck to his thumb...That was three weeks ago and he ~~didn't~~ ^{didn't} got it off yet.

ATX01 0312180

JACK: *Well how does* How does that effect you?

ARTIE: *Mr. Benny* When I buy a pound of corned beef..paying for a little thumb I don't mind, but twelve pounds of bowling ball *that's* too much.

JACK: Oh, Mr. Kitzel, *you* you just made that up.

ARTIE: Yes...(LAUGHS) My!

JACK: You know, that was *really that* pretty clever...maybe you'd like to write for my program.

ARTIE: *Oh* ~~Yes~~ I would like *to* very much, but I already *get* ~~have~~ a job in radio.

JACK: You have?

ARTIE: Yes..I am technical advisor on the Life of Riley.

JACK: Oh..well, here are your tickets, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: *Oh bless your heart, Mr. Benny.* *Jack: Thank you.*
ARTIE: ~~Thank you~~...(GOES OFF SINGING) WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
.... BI MIR BIST DU SHOEN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: All right, Professor Le Blanc .. Now we can continue with the *lesson* lesson.

MEL: Thank you, Monsieur.

JACK: I'll get my violin and --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Excuse me, Professor.

MEL: (MAD) What a house...TING A LING...THE PHONE.. (STATIC)
THE RADIO, (BUZZ) THE DOOR BUZZER

JACK: Professor.

MEL: I'd rather give a violin lesson in The Snake Pit.

JACK: Professor, please.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ATX01 0312181

DENNIS: (OFF) ^{oh} I'll answer it, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Yes?

RAINS: Is Mr. Benny in? I'm Claude Rains.

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: ^{oh} Mr. Benny...Claude Rains is here to see you.

JACK: ~~well~~. *Claude Rains - well, well.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, hello Mr. Rains, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but you're here a day early.

RAINS: I didn't come for my laundry.

JACK: Oh...then is this a social call?

RAINS: No, it's not a social call, Mr. Benny...It's business.

JACK: Business?

RAINS: Yes...Several weeks ago I ^{signed a contract to appear} ~~appeared~~ on the Ford Theatre Hour and they seemed rather satisfied with my performance...So much so in fact, that they ~~asked me to make another~~ ^{that program} appearance on the same program.

JACK: Well, how nice.

RAINS: This morning, Mr. Fletcher Markle, director of ~~the Ford Theatre~~ ^{that program} ~~phoned me~~ informed me that I'm to appear on the ~~show~~ ^{show} with you in "The Horn Blows At Midnight."

JACK: Well, congratulations, Mr. Rains....this is a splendid opportunity for you.

RAINS: Well, I don't know, they told me the same thing when I joined a Pyramid Club.

JACK: Hmnnnnnn.

ATX01 0312182

DENNIS: My uncle got seven-hundred dollars from a Pyramid Club.

JACK: Oh, did he win?

DENNIS: No, he held it up.

JACK: Oh, be quiet...Now Mr. Rains, I assure you that appearing with me in The Horn Blows At Midnight on the Ford Theatre Friday night will do a lot for your career.

RAINS: I won't argue the point, Mr. Benny...I respect your ability but that picture received the worst reviews I ever read.

JACK: So what...the critics don't count...It's the people in the trade who matter.

RAINS: The people in the trade thought the picture was terrible.

JACK: So what? The people in the trade aren't important either... It's the public that counts.

RAINS: The public thought the picture was simply awful.

JACK: How would they know, they didn't even go to see it. Anyway, Mr. Rains...I don't think you should pass judgment on The Horn Blows At Midnight till you see it.

RAINS: Oh, but I did see it, Mr. Benny...In fact, I sat through the picture twice.

JACK: Twice?

RAINS: Yes, I couldn't believe what I saw the first time.

JACK: Oh, then you didn't like it.

RAINS: Didn't like it?...Mr. Benny, that is the greatest understatement since that day in 1492 when Columbus said, "I think I found something."

JACK: You mean when Columbus discovered America?

RAINS: Congratulations, I didn't think you'd know.

JACK: Hmmm.

ATX01 0312183

RAINS: I want to warn you, Mr. Benny, that immediately upon leaving here, I'm going to my lawyers to see what legal steps I can take to get out of appearing with you on the Ford Theater.

JACK: Look, Mr. Rains---

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: If my mother had married him, would I be a Rainy Day?

JACK: Dennis...

RAINS: If that was intended for a witticism, it certainly missed its mark.

DENNIS: ~~See~~^{Boy}, is he dumb..I made up a joke about his own name and he doesn't even get it.

RAINS: Mr. Benny..^{Mr. Benny}I don't know whether this is your relative, friend, business associate, or servant...but whatever it is...I'm allergic to it.

JACK: Dennis, go sit down.

DENNIS: I'm on your side.

JACK: SIT DOWN.....Now look, Mr. Rains..your part in this picture that we're going to do has such great importance.. You're the Chief of the Planets in Heaven...I'm an angel... and at your command I come down to earth.

RAINS: At my command you wouldn't stop there.

JACK: Well, let me tell you something, Mr. Rains..whether you realize it or not...you're getting a break appearing with me on the Ford Theatre Friday night...It isn't every actor who can go on the radio with a big comedian.

ATX01 0312184

RAINS: Mr. Benny...I've already made several guest appearances on the radio with a rather well known comedian..Fred Allen.

JACK: ~~Oh Benny~~, Fred Allen, ^{hoo - ha}...some comedian..

RAINS: I gathered that you and Mr. Allen ^{were n't} ~~were n't~~ too chummy from what he said about you.

JACK: Oh yeah...what did he say about me?

RAINS: He said you were the only comedian in radio who steals jokes from Milton Berle.

JACK: Mr. Rains..When you take a joke from Milton Berle, it's not stealing..it's repossessing...Now let's not talk, ^{lets' not talk} any more about Allen..I'm going to have my dinner soon.

RAINS: All right, Mr. Benny...^{all right} but isn't there any way I can talk you out of doing The Horn Blows At Midnight...or at least letting me out of my contract?

JACK: No, Mr. Rains..my mind is made up and I'll see you Friday night on the Ford Theatre.

RAINS: Very well...but all I can say is..this is the worst thing that has happened to me in, all my thirty-nine years.

JACK: Well, ^{well} ~~well~~ ---What? ^{you're} You're thirty-nine?

RAINS: Yes.

JACK: ^{Say} ~~well~~, that's a coincidence, ^{you see - I'm -} I'm thirty-nine too.

RAINS: Well, you can have it, you were there first.

JACK: What?

RAINS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, ^{good bye} good bye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0312185

JACK: Imagine him trying to get out of appearing with me next Friday night..

MEL: (MAD) Monsieur Benny, please, I am waiting for you to finish the lesson...I have other pupils.

JACK: Oh yes yes.

MEL: Here is your violin.

JACK: Thank you...^{Thank you} Now what do you want me to play?

MEL: (MAD) THE SAME THING...THE SAME THING...YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED IT YET...YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED ANYTHING

PLAY IT!..PLAY IT!

JACK: All right...^{I MEAN} ~~all right~~... Don't get so excited...I'll I'll start at the beginning...

(JACK STARTS "MENUET L'ANTIQUE")

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0312186

~~JACK:~~

Ladies and Gentlemen, the American Heart Association is in need of five million dollars to carry on their fight against the nation's leading cause of death. This money is needed to develop more local Heart Associations which will serve the community by unifying all local medical, nursing and welfare services into one effective program. So please send your contributions to your local Heart Association or to The American Heart Association, Box 500, New York City. OPEN YOUR HEART---GIVE TO FIGHT HEART DISEASE.....Thank you.

~~(CONTINUED)~~

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first --

ATX01 0312187

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 27, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

MARTIN: You see, Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when
you're low ... calms you down when you're tense. Puts
you on the right level to feel and do your level best.

SHARBUTT: That's why it's so important that you select and smoke
the cigarette of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike!
For as every smoker knows:

MARTIN: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! No wonder more
independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers,
and warehousemen - smoke Lucky Strike regularly than
the next two leading brands combined. Yes, Luckies
are the overwhelming choice of the men who really know
tobacco.

MARTIN: So when you choose your cigarette, be sure to make it
Lucky Strike and get on the right level - the Lucky
level - where you feel your best and do your best.
Yes, the next time you buy cigarettes ask for a carton
of Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?
Feeling tense?
These eight words are common sense:
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! ~~(REPEAT)~~

ATX01 0312188

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...I want to thank Claude Rains for appearing on my program tonight...and he will soon be seen in Hal Wallis's production, "~~The~~ Rope of Sand".... he also will be heard with me Friday night on the Ford Theatre, no matter what his lawyer says....And next Sunday night on my own show, my guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.

DENNIS: And don't forget to listen to A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day, starring me.

JACK: Yeah yeah, ⁴⁰4 Goodnight ~~and~~ goodnight.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: STAY TUNED FOR THE AMOS 'N' ANDY SHOW WHICH FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY
THIS IS CBS....THE COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

ATX01 0312189